

THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE

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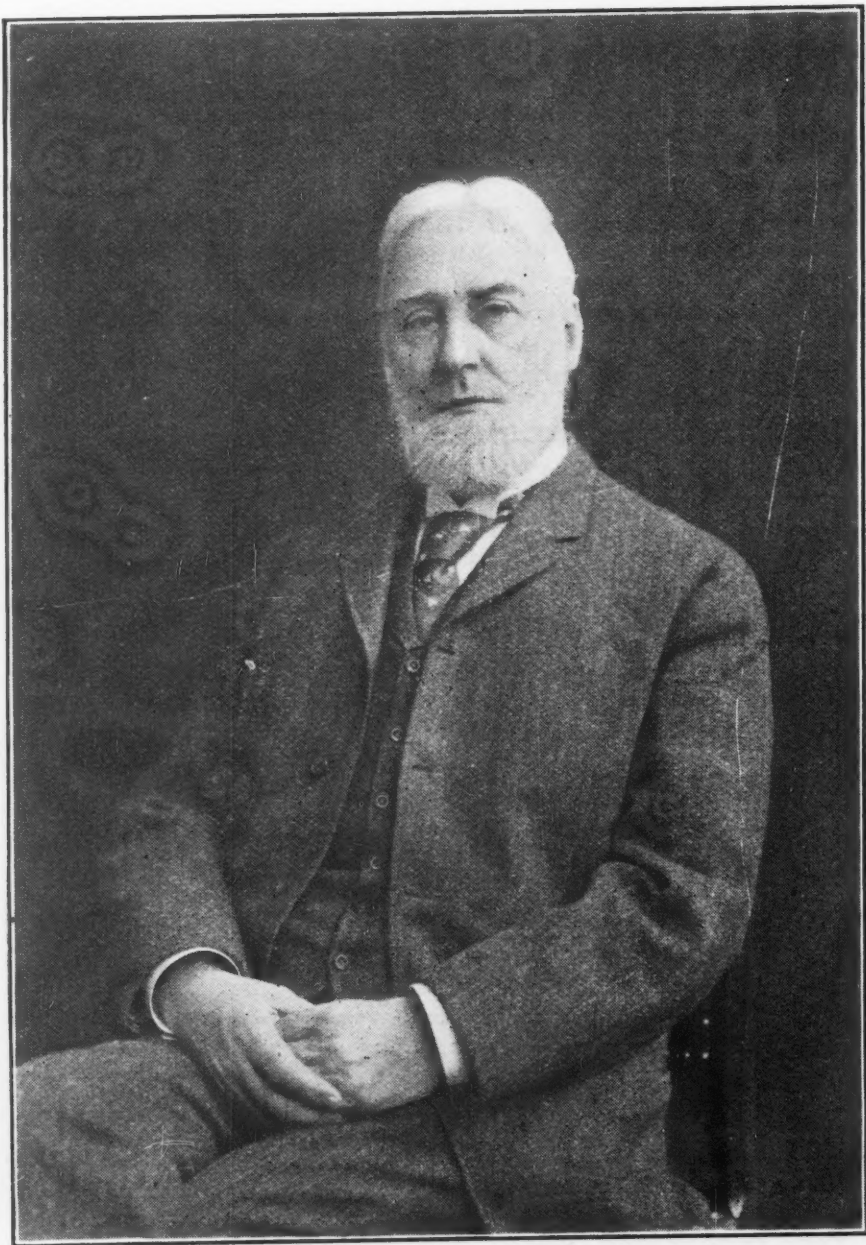
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ROBERT C. OGDEN

THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. XI.

NOVEMBER, 1906.

NO. 5

THE MONTH

Japan and San Francisco Discrimination

THE San Francisco Board of Education has let loose what promises to be a regular Pandora's box of evils by ordering that hereafter Japanese children shall attend schools with Chinese and not with Americans. Japan is getting mad about it, for Japan hates the Chinese, and furthermore the act savors of race prejudice—something, however, the Japanese themselves were very quick to demonstrate at the beginning of the Russo-Japanese War, when some one classified them as Negroes, and advised that they be entertained as such in this country. They were in haste then to show their contempt for the Negroes of this country, and we are sorry for them in this their present dilemma. We do not subscribe to American race prejudice.

But Japan is threatening the boycott of American markets to offset this San Francisco discrimination, and so able a journal as the New York Times suggests that San Francisco cannot afford to discriminate against the Japanese and lose a market for American goods; but isn't there a still better reason in the fact

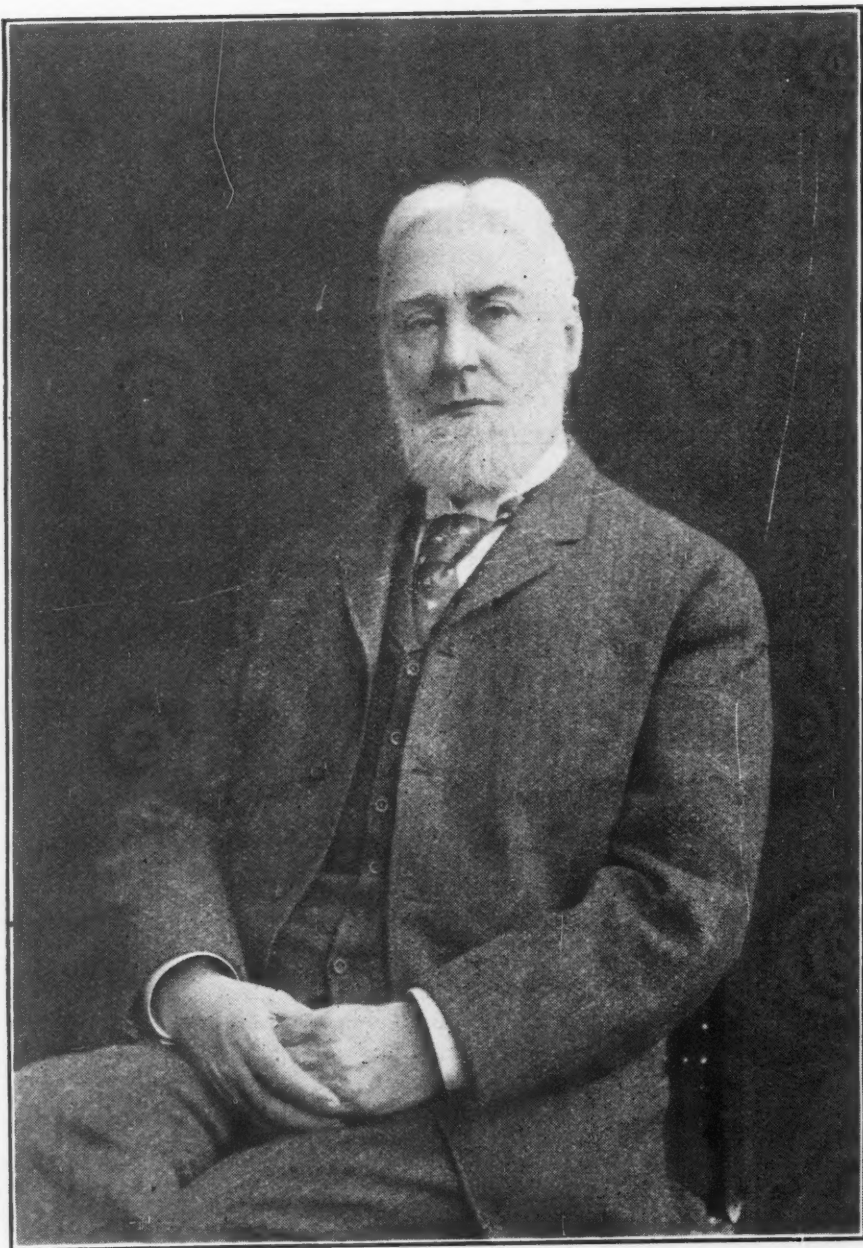
that race hatred is wrong per se, and that therefore San Francisco cannot afford to indulge it. Shall the dark races of the world be forced to buy justice from the Caucasian with dollars and cents?

Down With Leopoldism in Africa

The Belgian people are awakening to the task of forcing King Leopold to desist from further torture and butchery of native Africans for the sake of his rubber industry. In some instances the practice of his minions has been to cut off the hands of natives who failed to deliver on demand a stipulated quantity of rubber; and slavery and murder were a part of the regular order of things—and this recalls that the Negro not only is furnishing America with King Cotton, but also furnishing rubber for the new American automobile. Surely the Negro is a factor in it all. But, down with Leopoldism in Africa!



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Meeting For Negro Improvement

The Association for Improving the Industrial Condition of the Negroes of New York held a meeting recently in this city, at St. Mark's M. E. Church, which was well attended by an interested class of colored and white people. The meeting was presided over by Mr. Wm. J. Schieffelin, the noted philanthropist, who is the main patron of the organization, and who is contributing of his private funds to make the movement a success—the object being, as the name suggests, to improve the economic and industrial condition of the Negro people of this city by gathering statistics and information, to the end that a remedy may be reached for present troubles; and further to open, if possible, new avenues of employment for Negroes and improve on the character of work done by those now employed.

The audience seemed well pleased with the idea and purpose of the meeting as expressed by the various speakers, who were: Miss Mary W. Overton, Mr. J. D. Wetmore and Mr. Samuel R. Scottron.

Miss Overton thought that the chief cause of failure of Negroes to get employment was race prejudice and a desire of the labor unions to curtail competition by keeping the Negroes out of the labor unions, and the different competitive avenues of service.

Mr. Wetmore touched on the discriminations practiced against Negroes in the South, and in reply to this the presiding officer, Mr. Schieffelin, stated that he was sorry the meeting had taken the form of a discussion of race "hatred," as we all knew of the existence of these

things, and were seeking a remedy and not further abuse and criticism, which would, more likely than not, intensify rather than lessen, our burdens. He thought that it would be wise to get the best people together on a friendly basis, as a step to better conditions.

Mr. Scottron favored a propaganda for teaching the young people the first principles of business. He would give the young graduate of the race a dollar bill to be invested in peanuts, for instance, and hold him responsible for results, and in this way train them to do business for themselves. The Italians begin business immediately on landing, but the Negro was ashamed of the small business enterprises that other races begin with.

Such movements as this is destined to be of great good if continued, and represent an idea in the right direction that should be encouraged in other places than New York. Let the leaders in other places take up the idea.

Negroes Crowding the Schools

The reports from the South show that the schools for Negroes are full to running over, which is a good sign of race progress. A race that loves education as a means to advancement is destined to improve.

The boarding schools are building new dormitories and the public schools are crowded. If this keeps up our present 45 per cent. of illiteracy which is a result of 40 years' work (having fallen in that time from 99 per cent. at the close of the Civil War), will be still further reduced, and who can then say we are a race of ignoramus?

Lack of Schools in the South

(From the New York Tribune)

It has long been a common thing to remark, sometimes pityingly, sometimes censoriously, upon the backwardness of popular education, even in the elementary branches, in Russia, and the smallness of the provision made for advancing it to a status comparable with that of other lands. In such remarks there is truth enough, so far as statistics are concerned. According to the Minister of Education, considerable fewer than one-half—to be exact, only a trifle more than 43 per cent.—of the children of school age in Russia are receiving any instruction whatsoever in schools. That is a shocking state of affairs, and we cannot credit the government with taking measures adequate to the need. We are told a bill is being prepared for submission to the next Douma, increasing by \$2,666,500 the appropriations for schools. But what is that for 7,347,000 children entirely destitute of school privileges?

Yet who are we that we should cast the contumelious stone at Russia for illiteracy? Mr. Robert W. Taylor, the Financial Secretary of the Tuskegee Institute, in an impressive address at Lake Minnewaska recently, cited from the last United States census statistics as discreditable to us as the figures which we have given are to Russia. Of the Negro children of the United States between the ages of 5 and 14 years 41 per cent. or 918,031 never see the inside of a schoolhouse, while the average length of the school year for those who are permitted to attend is only a little over three months. Details are even

worse than the general statement. In Florida there is a larger percentage of Negro children in school than in any other Southern state, yet there are only 35.5 per cent, thus favored, the other 64.5 per cent. being destitute of school privileges. In South Carolina 69.5 per cent. and in Louisiana the appalling proportion of 76.4 per cent. are entirely denied instruction. Thus in even the best of our Southern states the Negroes are far worse off, educationally, than are the people of Russia.

These figures, it is to be noted, pertain to elementary education. The question of higher culture, of that portentous bogie of some, the "educated Negro," is not involved. It is a question whether the Negro, who forms half the population of those States, shall be taught the "three R's" or be kept entirely illiterate, whether he shall have sufficient instruction to make him a capable workingman or be kept as ignorant as a brute. The true friends of Negro education cherish no illusions. They indulge no fancies of the immediate granting of Ph. D. degrees to all black men. "The Negro," to quote again Mr. Taylor's instructive and inspiring address, "has been afflicted with some so-called leaders who have done their best to teach that there is a short cut to civilization, that the path of progress is of easy ascent, that the race can fly in the face of all history, cast aside as foolishness the accumulated experience of ages and brand the very teaching of nature as one stupendous falsehood. Tuskegee graduates decry this doctrine as the rankest heresy. The doctrine of the Tuskegee graduate

is the doctrine of work—work in the shop, work in the field, work in the schoolroom, work with the needle, work with the pick, work with the pen."

That is sound doctrine, and equally sound is what Mr. Taylor added, that while the Negro has ever been used to work, his labor has not been in the highest degree effective either for himself or for his employer, because "his labor, in the highest sense, is not free, for we cannot have free labor unless we have free men; nor can we have free men without free schools." In brief, there must be intellectual as well as political emancipation before the Negro can take his proper place, and a place profitable to himself and to his white neighbor, in the general economy of the nation. That is the exact truth, and it is to be seen how much longer we must wait before American states generally recognize it and act upon it, and free themselves from the reproach of having half their population in a worse state of intellectual bondage than the much pitied people of Russia.

Servant of Jefferson Davis Attends Mrs. Davis' Funeral

Jim Jones, the colored body servant of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy, is in Raleigh on his vacation, this being his home. He has a government position in Washington.

Jones, who is well thought of here, left for Richmond to attend the funeral of Mrs. Jefferson Davis. He was with President Davis when he was captured, and President Davis placed Mrs. Davis and his daughter Winnie in charge of Jones. Just a few weeks ago Jones had a very kind letter from Mrs. Davis.

Increased Negro Business Enterprises

Since the meeting of the National Negro Business League in New York, in 1905, there has been a very noticeable increase in Negro business enterprises in this city, consisting mostly of grocery stores, butcher shops, express lines, real estate offices, and contracting establishments of the house cleaning and mechanical variety.

A small business indicates a desire for independence, which is a trait worth cultivating, especially by a people who for 40 years were drilled in the slave code of dependence.

Our Progress in North Carolina

The Negro State Fair at Raleigh, North Carolina, to which the state gives \$500 annually, and which has been in existence twenty-eight years, is a corporation, and held its annual fair recently, making a grand display of agricultural products, horses, cattle, poultry, household products, painting, drawing, needle work, school exhibits and horse racing. They use the same grounds and halls that the whites use, and the attendance numbered high up into the thousands. On educational day thousands of students from the schools in Raleigh and surroundings gather to see the foot-ball games, which are hotly contested.

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Colored voters of New York should refuse to be persuaded to vote for William Randolph Hearst. When the strike was on at Chicago two years ago his paper had in large head lines, "Drive the Negroes out of Chicago." Charles E. Hughes and the entire Republican ticket should be elected.

Too Much Complaining

Some of our colored brethren who are upset because President Roosevelt hasn't censured the South for the Atlanta riot and the other disgraceful happenings in that region, are proclaiming that the President is no longer our friend. They evidently feel like a certain office holder once did under McKinley, who called up the President by telephone every morning, and with a "God bless you" renewed his allegiance each day. Shall President Roosevelt be required to tell us every day that he is our friend? His previous acts, and his sharp rebuke to the Hon. Jeff Davis of Arkansas while on his Southern tour last Fall should be enough to last awhile longer as evidence of his friendship. Many colored people really do not believe you are friendly to them unless you let them know it often, long, and loud. Is that because they are childish?

We believe Theodore Roosevelt is still the Negro's friend, as well as the friend of all Americans.

Hon. Charles W. Anderson, the leader of the colored Republicans of New York State and Collector of Internal Revenue for the Second District of New York, visited Boston recently and delivered a most eloquent address at St. Paul's Church in behalf of Gov. Guild, who is a candidate for re election. The Boston papers spoke in high praise of the speech, commending it as one of the best ever delivered. "Observant Citizen" of the Boston Post says it is no wonder that Mr. Anderson is so often termed the Chauncey M. Depew of the colored race.

Negroes Should Stand by Whites

Our advice to the Southern colored man in these hours of trial is to stand by the white friends in your communities who can help maintain law and order. If you become lawless there will be two lawless elements and the good thinking whites will necessarily have to repudiate both, and in doing so license will be given to the lawless and evil disposed whites to do as they please to Negroes.

Recognition of a Race

The Jewish race gets recognition in the appointment of Hon. Oscar S. Straus as Secretary of Commerce and Labor, and this recalls the fact that Judah P. Benjamin was a member of Jefferson Davis' Cabinet, and Disraeli a Prime Minister of England. There was once a time when the Jews were as much hated as the Negroes are to day. Time brings many changes, and the Negro's time is yet to come. His ten million in numbers now will be twenty million in a few decades, and his improvement will keep pace with his increase in numbers. He will not always be a pariah on the body politic. A Cabinet portfolio is within his future possibilities.

Congressman J. Van Vechten Olcott and Congressman Bennett have been worthy representatives of their constituents and should be loyally supported, and we hope that the colored voters will show their appreciation by voting for them on election day. Both men are friends of our race and we desire to see them elected.

Things We Are Thankful For

BY MAUDE K. GRIFFIN

FOR nearly three centuries Thanksgiving has been a day unique in the observance of American holidays, and although in some of the states it is not a statutory holiday, it is observed in all of the states of the Union.

Despite the purely social and sportive festivities which have entered into the celebration of Thanksgiving by many, it is safe to say that the majority of American citizens cherish the day as a legacy of the Puritans who, in their determination to distinguish between the social observance of Christmas and the religious design of Thanksgiving, omitted celebrating the former that they might devote their only holiday of the year to praise-giving for the bounties of the harvest and other special blessings vouchsafed by God during the year.

As the Colonies grew older and stronger hopes were entertained for their permanent success; the social element, in a small way, began to enter into the Puritan observance of Thanksgiving. This found expression in family reunions and friendly gatherings, with a respectful consideration of the Thanksgiving dinner.

So often, however, has the early history of the day and the various forms of celebrating it been repeated, that THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE prefers to review with its readers some of the

reasons that should be considered cause for thanksgiving this year.

Our national blessings have been innumerable, notwithstanding the fact that many have called this a year of disasters. We have had the San Francisco earthquake, the Southern fires and floods; yet they came when the country was never in a better condition to stand such calamities. These, or misfortunes more irreparable, have fallen to the lot of other countries neither as rich nor as prosperous as the United States, and we were able not only to help ourselves, but to send hundreds of thousands of dollars to the relief of others beyond our shores.

Of greater weight, in the mind of the writer, was the burden the nation was called upon to bear in the disgrace of the lawlessness of Georgia and other states as typified by the recent mob outbreaks. It is easier to reconcile ourselves to calamities which come through the inevitable workings of Nature than to injustices deliberately inflicted by man upon man. Yet while the soul revolts at the memory of outrage, the heart must welcome friends gained to the race in such crisis. Nor can we be unmindful of the stimulus given the various organizations, national and local, formed to combat these forces of evil, and the brighter than ever hope of national legislation which will make

such crimes impossible in future. In the South, especially, the Prohibition movement has aroused fresh interest as a result of mob violence, and this must be recognized as of vital importance in eliminating both lynching and the causes that lead to it.

In history the year nineteen hundred and six will go down as a year of reforms. During the past twelve months the country has been swept by a wave of political regeneration, following universal condemnation of corrupt government. At the National Capital we have seen laws enacted against rate discriminations, impure food, impure drugs, etc., and official investigations instituted against the great trusts; conspiracies to restrain trade have been checked and official recognition given to crusades against child-labor and the spread of disease.

The people of the United States, during the past year, have witnessed the extension of the country's railway systems and the distance between the East and the West shortened a day by mail trains running between New York and San Francisco. Definite action has been taken regarding the type of the Panama Canal, which will not only increase our own commerce, but will "meet the demands the commerce of the world will make upon it." We have seen the nation grow in influence with foreign powers—taking part in great international conferences and signing new tariff treaties; representatives of the American army have been invited to inspect the fighting forces of other nations, and in the review by the President, at Oyster Bay, of the largest

fleet of American warships ever before assembled, we have gently hinted to the world at large that in the midst of peace we are admirably prepared for war. Our own peace, from an industrial standpoint, has been further safeguarded by an agreement between the operators and the anthracite coal operatives, which averted another great coal strike.

Aside from the essentially material things the American nation is thankful for the growing demand for honest, good men in places of great responsibility and unusual trust. The exposure of men of high repute in the financial and business world, in their efforts to circumvent the laws to conceal illegal methods of business, has resulted in a moral revolution throughout the land. Dishonesty has been punished not only in high finance, but in the government as well, guaranteeing to the country untold benefit by the outcry against wickedness in high governmental, industrial, financial and social places. And this is as it should be, for no country can be greater than the people who make it; no people can rise above their ideals and their thought-life.

The growth of philanthropic and charitable enterprises has given new evidence of a wider bond of sympathy between man and his fellow, and spread the conviction that the golden rule is more workable in human intercourse than ever before. There has been a widening of fellowship in the church and American ideas have triumphed through American educational institutions. To-day the United States leads the world in the thought of universal

freedom of our schools. No other nation has evidenced a stronger determination that every citizen shall have equal rights to knowledge.

Blessings too numerous to mention are indeed the heritage of America and

Americans, and while we give thanks for homes unbroken, for comfort and peace, for national honor and strength, let thanks be coupled with prayer to the Giver of all good things for more truth, more justice, and a better world.

Long and Faithful Service Ended

(From the New York Tribune, October 25)

THERE passed to his rest to-day Francis Upshur, a venerable Negro who since 1869 had served as messenger of the Tribune bureau and who was almost a landmark in Washington, one of the notable survivors of the old Newspaper Row.

Upshur was born a slave about sixty-five years ago, the property of the Upshur family of Virginia. His early days were spent near Norfolk, and on attaining maturity he was employed in the Portsmouth Navy Yard. During the early days of the war he came to Washington and found employment in the National Hotel, where he waited on the table at which the justices of the Supreme Court took their luncheon. As a result of this service he came to be well known by Justice Davis, of Illinois; Justice Swayne, of Ohio, and a number of others, who always exhibited a strong regard for the faithful and respectful man.

When the impeachment proceedings against Andrew Johnson were instituted, in 1868, "Frank" was employed as special messenger for the counsel for the President, and won the respect of

the eminent lawyers who defended Mr. Johnson, so that among his cherished possessions was a warm testimonial of the high estimation in which they held his services. When the impeachment case was closed "Frank" came to the Tribune bureau, where ever since he had served with fidelity and a dignity which could not have been surpassed.

When The Tribune published the text of the treaty of Washington, its two correspondents were incarcerated in the sub-basement in the Capital for "contempt of the Senate," because of their refusal to disclose the source of their information, and to the imprisoned men "Frank" proved to be a dark angel. He was indefatigable in his attention, performing the combined services of valet, steward and messenger. His pride in the loyalty of his superiors to their informant knew no bounds, and although he was doubtless aware of the identity of that informant, no device of the sergeant-at-arms served to extract from him the slightest intimation regarding the manner in which the treaty was obtained.

Mr. R. C. Ogden's Interest in Negro Education

BY MAJOR ROBERT RUSSA MOTON

THESE are days of great social unrest, and race feeling and race antagonism seem daily to grow in intensity, while that unreasonable, indescribable something we call race prejudice is in many aspects much more manifest to any observer. The opposition to the Negro seems to grow more and more acute and at almost every turn the black man is made more conscious of his color. In many quarters there is apparently a concerted effort to stamp indelibly upon the Negro's mind, and the world as well, the very doubtful fact that God in His infinite wisdom and goodness—though out of one blood made He all races of the earth—somehow made the Negro forever and eternally inferior to the rest of mankind. In these days when there is so much to discourage and dishearten black human beings, it is well to go over the list of the people who are really and truly our friends and who are really and truly working unselfishly for the best interest of Negro Americans.

There is a large number of such people and pleasant, though perhaps strange to say, that number is actually increasing and with a rapidity that is well nigh phenomenal—men and women—white—North and South, who are honestly and earnestly trying as patriotic Americans to arrive at a satisfactory adjustment of this whole situation with absolute justice and fairness

to both races and also to both sections.

The man who is deservedly the most conspicuous in all this movement, the man who has done more than any other to make such a movement possible—to find a common ground upon which Northerners and Southerners and Negroes also could mutually work,—and it is absolutely impossible to settle this question without this combination of forces—the man who has given more of time and thought and means, belongs to a class of men whom are not yet quite accustomed to associate with the broader and purely educational questions. It is not unusual nowadays for business men to give thousands and even millions of dollars for educational work and this is one of the triumphs of our civilization, but few of such men give much of their time and thought to such benevolent enterprises.

But the man to-day, in my opinion, and a very active business man at that, who is giving the most time, the most thought, the most untiring energy, the most patience—for one needs great patience in dealing with these questions—is giving the most of himself, is Mr. Robert C. Ogden of New York, with whose life and work most people reasonably well informed are familiar.

When nearly forty years ago General Armstrong wanted to interest people in the work of Negro education and to start the Hampton school, he went first

to Mr. Ogden. From him he received aid, advice, counsel. He stood by General Armstrong during the remaining twenty-five years of his life while principal of Hampton Institute. He was a member of the board of trustees of Hampton almost from the beginning. He has been quite as loyal a friend of Dr. H. B. Frissell, General Armstrong's successor. When Dr. Frissell wanted a competent business man with heart as well as business ability to put the school's finances on a sound basis Mr. Ogden sent the late Mr. Alexander Purves, his son-in-law, who with Mrs. Purves threw themselves heart and soul into the life and work of Hampton Institute.

Mr. Purves would have been the last man to feel that he had made any sacrifice for Hampton or the Negroes' cause which it represents, and yet he worked at Hampton for less than half the salary he received in Philadelphia. He lived to accomplish well the thing he came to Hampton to do, also to put in operation a wonderful system which enables the Negro farmers in Alabama through the Southern Improvement Company to get land and homes for less than they had hitherto paid in rents. After six years of hard, earnest, faithful, successful work, he, scarcely in the prime of life, was taken. Mr. Purves' death deepened and seems to have made more sacred Mr. Ogden's devotion to Hampton and the cause for which it works. There is scarcely a man in all this country to-day who holds a more unique and enviable position than he. Coming directly into the work through General Armstrong and Hampton nearly four decades ago,

not to mention his previous abolition spirit, his interest has grown steadily. He is to-day president of the board of trustees of Hampton Institute, member of the board of trustees of Tuskegee Institute, president of the General Education Board, president of the Southern Education Board, president of the Conference for Education in the South, all of which receive his own careful thought and personal attention, while at the same time he manages one of the largest and most successful business establishments in New York City—The John Wanamaker Store.

A person in such a position unfortunately is often maligned and misunderstood; this is one of the sad penalties that often comes to men who work unselfishly for their fellows. One could hardly accomplish much along the lines that Mr. Ogden is so successfully working without being somewhat misunderstood. Though some few Southerners feel that he is too friendly towards Negroes and some few Negroes feel that he will be brought by the Southerners to their point of view on the Negro question, at heart Negroes throughout the country and Southerners generally believe in the honest, sincere purpose of Robert Curtis Ogden.

When we think of the men of the Ogden type, men with the Ogden spirit and the Ogden quiet, forceful, persistent courage and devotion, the "way out" seems comparatively clear, and life for a Negro even south of Mason and Dixon's line seems hopeful and worth living.

Annual Report of Principal B. T. Washington

THE annual report of the principal of Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute just issued, shows an attendance of 1,621 students; 553 come from the State of Alabama and the remainder from 47 States and foreign countries. Not included in this number are 194 in the Training School or Children's House, 56 in the schools of the town of Tuskegee, 25 in the night school Bible Classes, and 11 in the afternoon Cooking Classes in the town of Tuskegee. Total enrollment for the year is 1,907. The majority of the students come from the Gulf States with Alabama as the center. A close examination of the enrollment shows that the attendance is more irregular than it should be.

Mr. Washington further says in his report:

"Two important events have occurred during the year—one, the visit of the President of the United States; the other, the celebration of the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the founding of the institution. These events have been widely commented upon in the public press. Twenty-five years of experience at Tuskegee compels me to re-affirm my faith in the wisdom of General Armstrong's system of education. That system we have followed out at Tuskegee, modifying and adapting it, as seemed expedient, to the needs of this school.

It may not be out of place here to repeat and emphasize the idea with which

the institution first started, namely, to study the condition and needs of the masses of the colored people in the heart of the South and do for them what these conditions demand. This idea includes the preparation of teachers who are not only to know the best methods of imparting the usual academic branches, but who can weave into their teaching practical as well as theoretical knowledge and who will teach the dignity of hand labor, the disgrace of idleness and impart correct ideas of living. Equally important is it to cling to our first idea of doing everything possible to promote the most friendly feeling between the races. The training of Negro youth for efficient service will show the white race, we believe, that the education of the Negro helps both races.

More Closely Correlating Departments

"From the first it has been our plan to use the large industrial plant to teach methods of labor, and to try as far as practicable to make each industry maintain itself. It would be wrong, however, to cherish the idea that industries can be made to pay their own cost in any large degree. If the Institute farm is to accomplish its highest purpose in training, it should not be expected to pay its way in dollars and cents any more than the class in arithmetic or history is expected to pay directly in dollars and cents. The old idea of sending the students to the farm for

punishment finds no place at the Tuskegee Institute.

"Within the past year we have made progress in blotting out differences between the literary and industrial departments. The plan is to so unite the two that in the training on the farm, in the blacksmith shop, and the cooking division, the student will be given credit in the Academic Department for all work in arithmetic and English that he does in these departments, and that the industrial processes shall be made the basis wherever possible, for the lessons in the Academic Department.

"Each year of experience strengthens my conviction that there is great mental drill in industrial training, and I believe that more and more each year the educational world will realize that this is true.

"In considering our expenses it must be kept in mind that the school, for nearly half of the students, is in session twelve months in the year instead of eight or nine months as is usually true in Southern schools, and many of the students get their best training during the summer.

"Charges in connection [with the Twenty-fifth Anniversary have increased expenses considerably during the past year. The total income for the year for general and current expenses has been \$212,238.57; special gifts for improving the plant in the way of buildings and other expenses \$62,268.75. The total amount added to the Endowment Fund, including the William H. Baldwin, Jr., Memorial Fund, is \$189,310.77. It is gratifying to note that this amount includes a sum sufficient to make the accumulated donations of the graduates amount to \$1,000, making the total Endowment Fund in hands of the Endowment Committee, \$1,238,924.77. The total cash indebtedness of the institution is \$67,029.99. This is accounted for very largely by the large stock in trade on hand which amounts regularly to \$78,456.04, much of which is for building purposes and has not yet been charged off against special objects for which the money was given or has been promised, as in the case of the Tantum Building. We have deposited in the banks for special purposes cash to the amount of \$45,283.14."

SPECIAL OFFER TO SUBSCRIBERS

THE famous "School History of the Negro Race," and "Light Ahead for the Negro," by E. A. Johnson, with THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE, for \$1.50.



CHRISTMAS OFFER

TO ANY SUBSCRIBER sending us ten yearly subscriptions, we will give them a Solid Gold Ring, or a Fountain Pen of the best make.

A Life of Service

BY MARY WHITE OVINGTON

IT IS good to know of a beautiful life, one lived in the spirit of kindness and love. Such a one has slipped away from us here in this great city of New York that stifles with humanity; and it is fitting that some word, however inadequate, should be said of its too short days of usefulness.

Lloyd Cofer, Jr., would have been 22 years old had he lived until the 17th of November. He was a Boston boy, an only child, his father and mother bringing him to this city when he was three years old. His mother was a Bostonian by birth. Between her and her son there was always the very closest affection and confidence. He talked over all of his plans with her, and she earned the extra money needed to give him everything that would make his way comfortable in school and college. Arrived in New York she soon secured the position of janitress at the Colored Mission; her husband became a valued employee at the Lotos Club; and little Lloyd, who was very bright at his books, worked hard and showed early his ability.

The Colored Mission on West 30th street, where Mrs. Cofer was janitress, is a meeting house under the Orthodox Friends, with many features of neighborhood work, and is also a home where lived and still lives a gentle-natured Christian woman who endeavors daily to help the unfortunate and the poor

about her. She soon grew to love Lloyd, whom every one was attracted to, and the boy learned to know the Mission and to care for it almost from a baby. But he was of course busy with his books, his father and mother giving him a grammar and a high school education. He was musical, also,—played the violin with sympathy and skill, and had a fine tenor voice. He was a clever mimic, and had he chosen to cultivate this power might have done successful work upon the stage.

All these things other boys have had; but what marked this boy was his desire to use his gifts for others' happiness. His parents saw to it that his immediate surroundings were good, but they were near one of the worst neighborhoods of the city. Temptation was about the boy. The middle west side of New York shows the colored lad all that is bad in the lives of white men and offers every allurements to leave the sober and godly life. This boy not only kept his own life sweet and pure, many have done that, but he turned all his talent and all his religious earnestness to helping others to right living. He was in the Sunday School of the Mission from the time he was a little lad, and when a boys' club was formed there he joined the organization and soon became a leader. At nineteen the Mission offered him the position of director of boys' clubs, to meet with



LLOYD COFER

them six nights in the week. It was a great task for so young a lad. Some of the club members were older than he, they all knew him, and there was the danger that they might not submit to his authority as readily as to that of a stranger. But this, instead of proving a hindrance, was a help. The boys knew him, and therefore they trusted him. They knew that he lived the life that he preached. When he talked to the Sunday School or conducted the vesper class his moral earnestness convinced and inspired them. They saw that he was not led into temptation and many of them followed in the way that he showed them.

I remember well the first of the too few times that I saw Lloyd Cofer. He came to talk with me about his boys' club. He was modest concerning what he was doing, alert for new ideas, and

so bright and sunny that it was a happiness to be with him. Stevenson in one of his prayers written at Vailima says, "Give us to go blithely on our business all this day." Lloyd Cofer went blithely on his business, and those who knew him watched for his happy face and cheerful ways. "Each night as I sit at my desk after supper," his life-long friend at the Mission says, "I feel that Lloyd must be coming in at the door soon to get the key for the club room, and to say the good evening that brightened every night."

He taught his boys music, forming a quintet that sang with much skill; he had basket ball in the big yard; he was planning new and good things for them this year. There were thirty of them, and he lived heartily and helpfully in their lives. At seventeen he joined the Bethel African Methodist Church, continuing just the same, however, with the Mission, and he assumed the new duties that church ties brought him. At nineteen he married, and there was the need of harder work. A graduate of the High School of Commerce (one of the best students they ever had), he was a good stenographer, and this Spring he secured an excellent position with a large wholesale firm. He continued with this club, and the heat of the Summer, the work day and night, the delight, but the anxiety, too, of the little round bundle of a third Lloyd Cofer at home,—all these things were too great a strain upon his health. He was taken with typhoid fever, was removed to the New York Hospital, the physician assuring his wife and mother that he should have the best of care,

and there in a moment of delirium, the nurse absent from the ward, he leaped from the window and met his death. That such a thing should have happened in the hospital is a terrible indictment upon its management. It had been urged that Lloyd should go. He would get so much better attention there than could be had at home.

He was so modest and unassuming that those who knew him best scarcely realized all he had done. He had been a good son and husband, a true friend, and he had made better the place in which he lived. We hear too much in these days of the Negro criminal, of dens of vice, of hunting down the bad men of the race. But a much more impressive thing is the purity and beauty of life lived by the colored boy in the great cities; and when added to this fineness of character goes an earnest, untiring effort to make pure and beautiful other lives, we have something that

has more influence in the community than a hundred criminals. To work among your own people, trying each day to bring happiness and good cheer and moral earnestness to those about you, can any life perform a higher service? Carlyle says, "To make some nook of God's creation a little fruit-fuler, better, more worthy of God; to make some human hearts a little wiser, manfuler, happier,—more blessed, less accursed! It is work for a God."

Lloyd Cofer was a deeply religious boy. At seventeen he became a professing Christian, and he loved the service of his church. He did not stop short with profession, however; he put his creed into his deed, and left a life that shall remain fragrant in our memories, and that we believe shall blossom in purity and kindness in the hearts of the boys whom he knew and loved and to whom he so unstintingly gave himself in service.

A Progressive Order

THE pioneer secret organization which has stood the test of years is the Knights of Pythias, which has been established in this state twenty-two years. The progress of the order has been steady, but the greatest was when for the ten years Sir Knight L. M. Mitchell was Grand Chancellor. At the last Grand Lodge Dr. A. N. Prince of Sherman was elected Grand Chancel-

lor. When he assumed the duties of his office he assumed charge of the greatest secret organization in the largest state in the Union. The order has the largest membership of any organization in this state, and its financial standing is of no mean rating.

Its members include some of the most prominent and progressive men in the state.



MISS LILLY MAY LE BOUEF, OF HOUSTON, TEXAS

La Petite Creole

MISS LILLY MAY LE BOUEF, known throughout Texas and Louisiana as "The Little Creole," is an elocutionist who has won plaudits wherever she has appeared. Born, as she was, in Louisiana, but having spent most of her life in Texas, she is equally claimed by both of the States. A hard student she is, with an ambition to be recognized as something more than a reciter, her career has been progressive. Steadily she has gone up step by step, from reciting "Good Bye, Brother Watkins," and other selections of that kind, until now her repertoire is composed almost entirely of those selections which require the highest histrionic ability. A young woman with a graceful stage manner, her character delineations and style of expression equally captivate the large

audiences which greet her wherever she appears. She is the daughter of a colored minister, Rev. O. J. Le Bouef, now dead, well known to most of the bishops and officers of the African Methodist Episcopal Church.

During the past Summer a tour was made by her through the State of Texas, Oklahoma and Indian Territories and the larger cities of Colorado, accompanied by Miss Lincolnia C. Haynes, a graduate of Fisk University and a singer of rare and commanding ability. It is Miss Le Bouef's intention to strive for larger recognition in the cities of the North during the coming year. The wide attention she has attracted wherever she has appeared is an augury of the recognition she is sure to win in the more select sections of the North.

An Appeal to Subscribers

WE WOULD ask you to use your influence with your friends toward getting them to subscribe. We have made this request on a number of other occasions and a few of our good friends have responded. You can

do us great good. We should be in every home. The individual who does not read his own publications should be persuaded to begin. We must have 5,000 additional subscribers within the next six months. Give us your support.



MISS LE BOUEF IN COSTUME AS CLEOPATRA

Opportunity for Colored Women in the Business World

BY MISS MAYBELLE McADOO

THE position of the colored woman in the business world is unique. It is of comparatively recent date that she has aspired to the vocations that have heretofore been monopolized by her white sisters. So much is expected of her that she must outstrip those of other nationalities in intelligence and capability in order to maintain a place in this newly acquired field; but each year is adding to the number who are occupying responsible positions, and the public is beginning to realize that the colored girl promises to be a very important factor in its business affairs.

The situation, while not too promising, is not as discouraging as would at first appear. We seem to be in a time of great business awakening among the colored folk, developing, as it were, from positions which serve as training for the responsibilities of management and control. The list of colored business men is being swelled continually, and Negro cor-

porations are springing up rapidly making new openings and new opportunities. The number of our girls in white firms is constantly on the increase.

There are now four colored women who are notaries public, Mrs. Maxwell, Mrs. Thomas, Misses Charlton and McAdoo. We have one journalist of note, Miss M. K. Griffin, who has done and is still doing much to elevate the position of our women in the newspaper world. There is another who is filling a unique position, associated with 25

white women, who have been compelled to recognize, despite the supposed disadvantage of race, the qualities that pre-eminently fit her for the place she fills.

Among our well-known stenographers is Miss Carrie Dent, who holds an important position with the Organizer of the National Negro Business League, and has charge of the large correspondence of this organization.

The Collector of Internal Revenue em-



MISS MABELLE McADOO



MRS. DEBORAH ELLIS

plays a stenographer, Mrs. Deborah Ellis, at \$1200 a year. We have a designer who is making her mark along that special line.

One colored firm, the Metropolitan Realty Company, is employing three stenographers, Mrs. Coles, Misses Jarrott and Frazier, and a bookkeeper, Mrs. Maxwell, and expects to add to this number.

Positions in the government service are open to all who care to take the civil service examination, and it is encouraging to note that our young women in New York are beginning to avail themselves of this opportunity, hoping that through merit rather than "pull" they will invade the ranks of civil service employees.

We have one New York girl, Miss Mary Wiggins, who was recently appointed to a position as stenographer at the Arsenal at Watervleit, New York. Other instances might be cited, but sufficient have been given to show that the color of the skin is no permanent barrier to those who are worthy and competent. Thorough preparation and conscientious work are qualities whose absence is only too apparent in the business world, and the time is fast approaching when the possessor of such talents will find them the destroying force of prejudice's drawbacks.

The girl who has ability and is deterred from taking a commercial course because of her color, or who allows ignorant minds to hold her back by pessimistic views, is making a grave mistake. Too many of us have been



MISS MARY WIGGINS

wont to complain and do nothing to remedy conditions, consequently when opportunities presented themselves we were unprepared. The only way in which to encourage opportunity is to be ready for it and able to recognize it when it comes. The road to success, in this as in other fields, lies through perseverance and hard work, and there can be found no place for the slothful.

It takes five years to make an expert stenographer, and in this special line, as in others, success is only to be gained by long and faithful service.

The need for specialization is so well known that few girls now a days prepare themselves without taking up some particular branch of work and sticking to it. Be able to do some one thing, and that well. Take for your motto the word "Excellence."

The educational advantages of New York are unsurpassed, and there is no

reason why our girls should not fit themselves to become capable and conscientious business women. The high schools of the city are giving courses in various commercial branches, there being both day and evening sessions for instruction.

Cooper Union gives free tuition to those who can pass the entrance examination, but few colored girls take advantage of this offer. It is considered one of the best business schools in the city, and the only requirement is diligent and faithful study. Packard Business College is another old and reliable institution, but the tuition is expensive, and there are few colored pupils.

There are any number of business schools and colleges where the course is short and cheap, but when one is getting training it pays to get the very best, and to acquire it not too rapidly but thoroughly.

AN INTERESTING LETTER FROM THE WEST INDIES

PRINCES TOWN, June 10, 1906.

Editor COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE:

DEAR SIR—I am a believer in a good future for my race, but we must work out our own salvation; for although handicapped to a great extent by the doings and sayings of some of the members of the other races, yet that does not affect us one half so adversely as our actions toward each other, which I believe must be attributed to a want of

self-respect, principally. For a better and permanent change to be brought about, our material condition as a people must be greatly improved, as material progress must be the foundation for all real progress.

In Trinidad here, I think that we should attend more regularly and systematically to the cultivation of the soil, and an intelligent attention to agricultural matters generally, as a



GEORGE C. WYATT

means of placing us in that position to demand favorable attention, and to cause our ideas and actions to be better understood and appreciated. I have been doing, and am determined to continue to do, all that I possibly can in this direction, and although I am often

misunderstood by my own and other people, yet I will allow no hindrance to my endeavors.

I am a native of Antigua and was born in the year 1866, the 5th of March. I am a general commission agent, but my special duties are:

1. Special Agent of the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada.
2. Sub-Agent of the London Commercial Union Fire Company.
3. Agent for the British West Indian Fruit Company.

I am a committee member of the Agricultural Society of Trinidad, for which the Governor of the Colony is President, and also Honorary Secretary to the Cane Farmers' Association of Trinidad.

THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE is doing a splendid work on behalf of the race and it should be read by every thoughtful person. Shall do my part toward increasing its circulation. I am glad to read of the progress that is being made by the Negro in the States.

Yours very truly,

GEORGE C. WYATT.



The Negro Banker and His Struggles

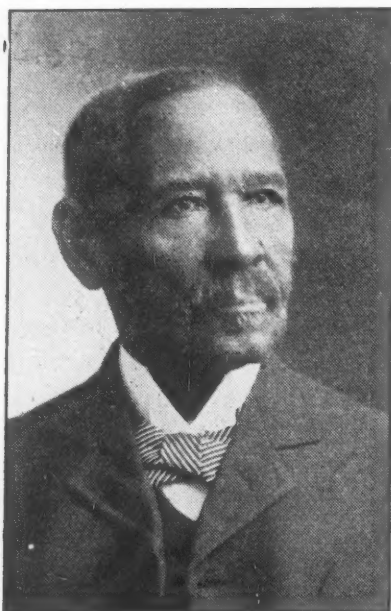
By J. H. McCONICO

National Negro Business League, August 31st

IT HAS been requested by the management of this meeting that the various banks represented here, in their expressions before this body, deal in the main with their struggles to get a foothold, in order that others who are contemplating the organization of banks will profit by their experience. From the slave pen to the True Reformers Bank of Richmond, Va., and the Alabama Penny Saving and Loan Co., of Birmingham, Ala., in 28 years—skipping over none of the intermediary steps of racial growth—is no small jump. To-day the banking business is one branch of progress that represents the very highest civilization to which mankind has attained. And the very fact that the Negro in 28 years after emancipation entered successfully into this branch of the white man's civilization, will stand out in rays of dazzling brilliancy before the eyes of the future historian, who will endeavor to sketch the rise of nations. Whether the Negro took up this business in the natural order of events or process of evolution, or whether it was a case of fools rushing in where angels dare not tread, we know not. But the strongest argument that can be advanced that the Negro is qualified for the position is the fact that he has made a success of it.

The organization of the banks named marked the successful beginning of the

Negro into the banking business in America. After these Negroes, whose names will live as long as Negro history, had succeeded in establishing Negro banks on a firm basis, others commenced to argue that what they had done others could do. And one among the many results was the opening of the Capital City Savings Bank Jan 1, 1903, Little Rock, Ark. The early experiences of our bank, we presume, do not vary very much from those of others. Human nature is much the same the world over. Organizations are springing up every day. Few of those who start with them continue, and many of those that do continue, do so because they have no means or manner of getting aloose. Before the bank was organized there was the holding of many mass meetings—every church was ringing with eloquence. It was only a case of closing your eyes and seeing a magnificent banking institution float before you. That was the beginning. Nice speeches clothed in high flown rhetoric will make a political meeting, an emancipation celebration or a college commencement day a howling success, but nothing more nor less than a snug sum of money will make a bank go. While the bank was being talked up, plans devised and so on, enthusiasm was high. But after the plans matured and the stock books were opened for sub-



JUDGE M. W. GIBBS, PRESIDENT

scription, the enthusiasm abated and the fiery orators were long on speech and short on money. Some difficulty was experienced in getting the per cent. of the capital stock paid in required by the State before the bank could open. If the founders themselves had any great faith in the undertaking it was not evidenced in any rush to buy the stock. The bank was really in this condition. Everybody knew that to make the venture a success it would require all the time and attention of a set of business men. The men who were willing to give the bank all their time and attention were not business men and had no money to put in it. Those that were men of means and business had passed the age of activity or were busily engaged in other vocations and did not care to turn the bird in hand loose for the one in the bush,

nor were they willing to put any large amount of money in the hands of inexperienced parties. And the little money that they did put in the bank was more to say that they were connected with a race enterprise than any income they expected from the investment. After much casting about a young man, Mr. C. B. King, a graduate of the Commercial Department of Wilberforce University, was chosen cashier and installed with the injunction: "Young man, we have made you cashier, and it is up to you to make this business a success." Whereupon he was given a hearty handshake and God speed, and sent forth to make a bank a success that no one had any faith in but himself. And his inexperience very largely served to blindfold him.

The bank settled down, put its sign up over the door and waited for the people to come. A large number of people came by, admired the fixtures, said that it was such a nice thing for the colored people to have a bank, but they carried their money away with them. There was no rush of deposits. Whenever any one did happen in the bank and open an account for \$50 or \$100, the young cashier felt that they had entered the bank by mistake. The first year the little bank tottered along, considered as a bank by a very few and regarded as a joke by many. Some gave it three months to live, some six, but it managed to weather the storm for a year. The annual statement showed that the little bank had lost money. Instead of its capital increasing it had diminished. How could it help losing money? It had simply been organized

and set adrift. Nobody was working very much to help it succeed. The cashier could not leave the bank to work up any business, hence at the close of the first year some of the directors were crying, "O Lord, who will deliver us?" The misfortunes of the first year had taught the young cashier a few lessons. He discovered that it took at least two men to run the inside work of the bank. He discovered that if he had invested the entire paid up capital he would have lost money just the same, for the reason that he had so little to invest. He got the directors together, sawed off some useless limbs, showed them the necessity of an assistant in the bank and mapped out a line of work for the next year. Every disgruntled stockholder was bought out, and officers and directors got down to real work. The Capital City Savings Bank was preached from every pulpit. No opportunity was lost in churches, society meetings, entertainments or any place where Negroes assembled, to talk up the bank and urge support. The cashier and the assistant, after banking hours, would make the rounds of the Negro business houses in the city. They would buy a cigar, eat a meal, and then pounce upon them to do business at the Negro bank. Some would say, "Well, I have been with such and such a bank so long, and they have treated me so nicely, I cannot afford to quit." But they showed them that if all the banks in the city had been owned by Negroes, the white people would have done business with them until some white man opened a bank, whereupon all of their white customers would

thank the Negro bankers for past favors and walk over to the bank that offered some future for them and their posterity. Some would argue that they spent their money as fast as they got it, therefore they had none to put in the bank. But they showed them that it gave them prestige to spend their money through the bank. When they gave a business man a check for \$10.00 or \$20.00, the business man's respect for them increased just that much.

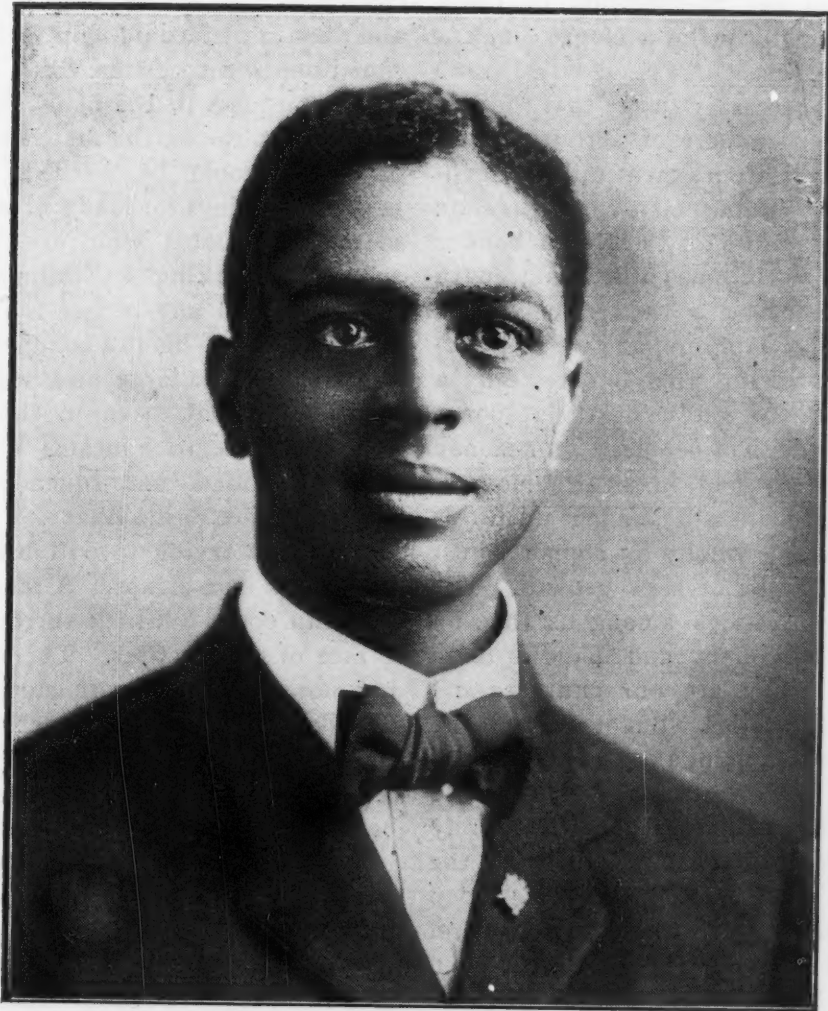
When any man in town was sick and was known to carry insurance, it was hard to tell who watched the results the closer, the undertaker or those interested in the bank. If he died the bank had a man right on hand to render the widow any assistance necessary; help her straighten out her business; drive her to the court house, go with her to file her insurance papers and so on, and of course when the insurance was paid all, or a large per cent. of it, stopped in the bank. This kind of campaigning had its results. In their going about the city for business they discovered that one-half of the Negroes in the city did not even know that there was a Negro bank. A large per cent. were not doing business with the bank because nobody had asked them. Some were indifferent. The campaign for business opened the eyes of the officers and they saw the possibilities of the bank. An Industrial Insurance Company was organized by the bank and a Real Estate Department was annexed. At the end of the year all of the expenses had been kept up and fifty per cent. of the loss of the previous year wiped out. The same kind of organ-



C. B. KING, CASHIER

ized effort was kept up the next year, and as a result, from the time the doors of the bank were opened until they closed people were pouring in and out, and we now have to keep open until 8 o'clock Saturday nights to accommodate our customers.

We are lending money to the Negro business men of this city—we are securing them credit and accommodation to wholesale houses which they never enjoyed before. We are redeeming homes for many Negroes who in a measure had lost them. At the close



J. H. McCONICO, ASSISTANT CASHIER AND TELLER. SECRETARY NATIONAL
NEGRO BANKERS' ASSOCIATION

of 1905 the entire loss of the first year had been covered and a dividend of $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. declared. Our growth has not been anything like phenomenal, but steady and firm. At the close of business, 1903, our deposits were \$12,000; 1904, \$20,000; 1905, \$27,000; July 31, 1906, \$45,000.

We started out with one salaried

employee, now we have five. The insurance department within less than two years has passed through the bank \$20,000, and besides serving as a financial adjunct to the bank it furnishes employment to 120 young Negroes, salaries ranging from \$6.00 to \$20.00 per week. Summing the whole thing in a nutshell, we would say get up and

hustle and the co-operation of those interested will make a Negro bank a success.

It is unnecessary to say that the Negro banker's sphere of activity is limited. There are no great railway, manufacturing, mining, city, county or state treasury deposits for the Negro banker to go after. He must gather his strength from the bootblacks, the service women and the day laborers, and we feel warranted in saying that it takes only a little work to get a hearty response from this class of people. This money comes slowly and in small amounts, hence the business dependent upon this class of people wholly for support must of necessity be of slow growth. The only organizations among us that do manage to collect and handle large sums of money are our churches and fraternal societies. But it seems to be a general complaint among Negro bankers that they can not get men who handle these funds to look favorably upon a Negro bank. It seems that the greatest glory that they desire is to walk in some white bank with several thousand dollars for deposit, earned through the toil of Negroes, and receive the smiles of the white banker. Placing it at a low estimate, the Negro societies and churches in the South alone handle, through their general treasuries, not less than \$2,000,000. Suppose the Negro banks of the South received on deposit sums of money so handled. Even if checked out in a few days, it would be the means of bringing many people to the bank that would not otherwise come. And out of the many coming some would be made permanent

customers. It would help the bank, and they in turn could help their Negro constituents with loans, &c. The volume of business in the banks would be increased to the extent that more clerical help would be needed, thereby making openings for many of our commercial graduates who are teaching school or working on Pullman cars. The money of any people is that people's power. This is a commercial age and men are in a large measure judged by the financial strength they yield. When the Negro educates his heart, head and hand, and squanders or deprives his race of his financial support, he is simply trying to pull himself up by his own boot straps. A race of paupers can count but little surrounded by a race of millionaires. There is nothing more pitiable than an educated man or a skilled mechanic wandering about the face of the earth possessed with exceptional ability with no financial backbone.

We advocate no strict drawing of racial lines. We want no such thing as paying the Negro banker ten per cent. for money when the white bank will loan it for eight per cent. But we want every Negro to look the question square in the face and, all things being equal, patronize the business enterprises of his race. Every dollar that he puts in a white bank he is strengthening and building an institution from which he may receive some abstract benefit, but adds nothing to his own racial growth and uplift. And no high class white banker in the country has any respect for any intelligent Negro who walks into his bank and deposits his

money when there is one a few blocks away owned, controlled and operated by members of his race.

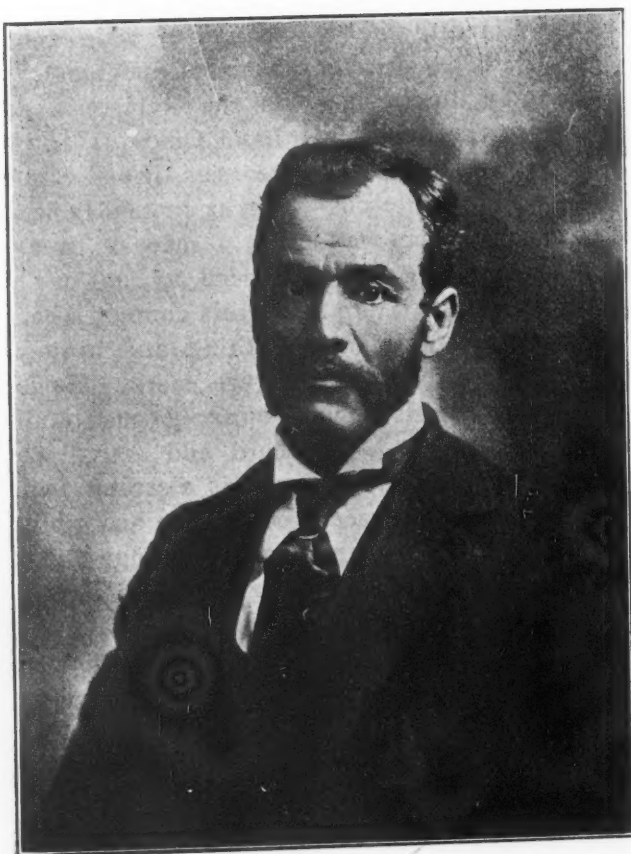
Every dollar that is put into a Negro bank is maintaining an institution that is a practical demonstration that the Negro is striving upwards. He is maintaining an institution for which his entire race receives credit, and besides receiving benefits in an abstract way, he can have a say in its management. When he enters the doors he does not have to take his hat in his hands or wait until every white customer has been served, but he can walk in and know that every courtesy granted any other man will be granted him. And even the positions of president, cashier, bookkeeper, stenographer and director are open to him, to his sons and his daughters.

In this meeting we are face to face with the bone and sinew of the race, and we trust that such a favorable sentiment for the Negro bankers will be created that those who are contemplating the organization of banks will have smooth sailing, and those of us

who are in the business will succeed, and report to the next Business League meeting that Negroes are beginning to stand together in support of Negroes.

The connection of Judge M. W. Gibbs as President of the Capital City Savings Bank cannot be overestimated. He is a man of wide experience and sound business judgment. His twelve years in the Register's and United States Land Office at Little Rock, and four years as United States Consul to Madagascar eminently fit him for the place. As a man of wealth no comment is needed, as he is one of the few Negroes in this country that started out with nothing and is now rated in the six figure mark. He is old in years but young in push and activity. He is a hard and active worker in the bank, and is a strong factor in establishing confidence and giving the bank its high rating. Judge Gibbs is a member of the National Negro Business League, and takes an active part in everything that tends to the advancement of his race.





JOHN BENSON, WHO SETTLED IN KOWALIGA IN THE 60s.

A NEW PHASE OF INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION

BY ISABEL C. BARROWS

(Republished from the Outlook, August 18th, 1906. Supplemented with illustrations and introduction by WILLIAM E. BENSON.)

I am often asked the question wherein Kowaliga differs from Tuskegee.

Tuskegee stands as a great educational center, whose purpose it is to draw students unto itself from every corner of the United States, and there prepare them for teachers, skilled workmen and industrial leaders and send them forth again into the broad world to labor, to lead and direct others.

The aim of Kowaliga is to build a community where the graduates from Tuskegee and other institutions may find a field of usefulness and a life of service. In order that Tuskegee may send forth the best leaders, it must have the best material to train. This means that the exceptional young men and women of the race must go there for the purpose of developing their talents along various lines of industry.

At Kowaliga, we must develop a community of industrious and intelligent citizens out of the exceptional individuals who are left after the brightest and best have been sent forth to other schools for additional training. Those who are to set the reputation for our community life are the ninety out of the hundred who will never be able to go anywhere to get an education. This is the real problem of the South.

Kowaliga is accomplishing its aim through the means of a school and an industrial company. It is the purpose of the school to give a thorough grammar school course, along with manual training, to the hundreds of boys and girls who live in the immediate community. It is the purpose of the Dixie Industrial Company to go a step further than the school, and open opportunities for industrial and business pursuits for these same boys and girls after they have finished the school. As to how well Kowaliga has been able to work out its mission one may judge from the articles which follow:

The School

“YOUR master has been killed; you are to take his two horses home.” The time was during the Civil War. The place was Rome, Georgia. The person addressed was a bright eyed boy in his teens. He was colored, but one could hardly call him Negro. The blood of his white master-father flowed in a swift current through his veins, mingled with a portion of Indian, of the stately Cherokee tribe, and the rest was from an African source. The combination gave to the world a boy intelligent, active, industrious, gentle, honest, kind.

The slave lad obeyed. He took the horses of his dead master two hundred miles' cross country, and delivered them safely to his mistress. Then he heard mysterious whispers that the slaves were free, that no man might henceforth own another, and he exulted in his freedom. One year more only would he serve, just long enough to get a start in life.

The boy hired himself out to a Southern white man for ten dollars a month. At the end of the year he had a hundred dollars in his own name. He bought land, a part of the very plantation on which as a slave he had pined for free-



NEW HOME BUILT TO REPLACE HIS CABIN AFTER THIRTY YEARS OF TOIL.

dom. It was now owned by a white man who proved a good friend to him, waiting patiently for payments, and helping the boy to earn the money towards them. Mules were bought, a cabin put up. A bright colored girl, the first to teach in that part of the South, appeared for the little cabin school. They met and loved. By and by they were married, and children came to bless them.

To horses and mules were added a threshing-machine, a store, a cotton gin, a saw and grist mill, and the man grew prosperous, because with the years his native qualities of intelligence, industry, honesty, kindness, had but strengthened. He was respected by blacks and whites alike.

One day a Northern white man called at the cabin of this prosperous Negro

to show him some bee hives. The white visitor was attracted by a miniature threshing-machine, worked by the power of the treadles and wheels of the good mother's sewing-machine.

"Who made this?" he asked in surprise. A sunny-faced boy of ten whose feet came only half-way to the floor as he sat on the rough bench was pointed out.

"Well, a boy who can do a thing like that ought to have an education," said the stranger.

So the son was sent out into the world to learn what books could teach him. He did not go to learn to do things, for since he was so small a shaver that he had to stand on a box to reach the throttle he had run his father's engine. He could take the cotton-gin apart and put it together again. He

could saw lumber and grind corn. He could pick cotton and handle mules.

Three years at Nashville in Fiske, preparing for Howard, and three years in Washington at the Howard University fitting for his life-work, followed, and at twenty-one the boy returned to Alabama to work side by side with his father, whose good qualities he had inherited, along with some others from

ble to insure buildings and property owned by colored people.

About nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand white fellows of one and-twenty would have kicked the Alabama dust from off their feet and gone to the city to look for better luck. Not so this boy. "Father our lot is cast here, and here we must stay; but if we are going to have any success and



CABIN IN WHICH KOWALIGA SCHOOL WAS STARTED.

his beloved mother, who soon passed away with blessings for him on her lips.

There was no thought of much but business in those days, and a store with the first glass show-case ever seen in that neighborhood was fitted up for the college-bred young man. But jealous hands applied a match, and in less time than it takes to tell it four thousand dollars expended in building and stock went up in smoke. There was no redress, for at that time it was impossi-

any happiness, we have got to educate our people to be a useful and self-helpful community. It is of little use to send a boy or girl away to get schooling. We must have a school here. We must have industries here. We must turn this splendid hardwood forest into furniture and farm wagons and agricultural implements. We must tap these great pines and make rosin and turpentine. We must make our own cottonseed oil and fertilizers. We must build our own homes, not dark one-



MAIN BUILDINGS AS SCHOOL, LOOKS TO-DAY.

room cabins; and as we clear the land we must raise not only the fine cotton that these uplands yield in such perfection, but we must raise all sorts of other things. We must make ourselves so necessary to our few white neighbors that there will be only kindly feelings between us, and by and by we shall find that we have a community where we may dwell in safety and happiness."

"Dreamer!" said the practical father. "You can easily support yourself and look out for yourself. Let others do the same."

Yes, he was a dreamer. The weight of the world seemed to hang on his young heart. He kept on dreaming, and at last he dreamed of a way to make actual the vision. He secured a former classmate to revive the cabin school where he had studied as a boy. He

called together the simple folk of his neighborhood. They gathered on the hillside and pledged themselves to stand by the dreamer, after they had heard the dream. And the father was converted to the wise plans of his son, and gave the first ten acres for the new school. He sawed the logs which the men hauled. The willing hand of colored neighbors toiled at the erection of the first structure. The dreamer was also a singer, with one of those rare voices that easily wile pennies from pockets. He trained a club of farm boys, and they sang in the neighboring towns and earned enough for windows, doors, and nails, and the two-story-and-a-half school-house stood fairly complete before a penny had been asked from Northern friends.

The years have passed, eight of them,

since its doors were opened. To-day two hundred and seventy boys and girls from the immediate neighborhood are enrolled, and eleven teachers give the academic, manual training, and agricultural instruction. The children learn to read and write and cipher, to sew and cook, to do laundry work, to work in the garden, and care for stock and fowls. They can the delicious black-

homes, so in this beautiful bit of Black Belt there are such boys and girls, and a few of them find residence with the teachers, where they have such congenial surroundings as they have never dreamed of before. This gives a nucleus of steady labor for the things that must be done, like the care of the living creatures and the garden work of the school, which could not be intrusted to



GROUP OF STUDENTS.

berries by the hundred quarts, as well as peaches and other fruit. They make syrup of cane, and raise all sorts of "garden truck" whose existence was unknown there ten years ago.

It is a real country school, for in the large enrollment but six have ever known city life. As every community has some children robbed of father or mother, or both, or homes that are not

the day scholars alone. These pay for their board, or work it out, as the case may be. This method also allows some of those who live too far away, but who still belong to the community, to be constant in attendance, as they could not be if they had to walk six or eight miles a day for their schooling.

Thus far the realization of the dream was a success, but more was needed.



TEACHERS.

It was not enough to teach the boys and girls various industries unless there were to be a chance for them to use their knowledge in the home community. This is absolutely necessary, because Kowalliga is sixteen miles from the railroad and cannot depend upon the city to furnish industrial pursuits for its people. So an entirely independent undertaking, the Dixie Industrial Company, was organized for the purpose of developing the natural resources of the section of country between the rivers that border that part of Elmore County. The experiment was to be

tried to see whether such an organization could be made to accomplish what its founder desired. A few public-spirited white men of New York took stock in it, and thus far success has met the hopeful and far seeing worker. So great, indeed, is the success, that if the school could be endowed and the endowment invested in the stock of the Company, the school would need to ask no favors. The turpentine industry alone yielded last year enough profit to cover the entire running expenses of the school. Unhappily, the school is not the recipient of these profits. This develop-

ment of the resources of that part of the Black Belt must not be taken from the hands of the colored people. White hands enough are ready to clutch the opportunity, but they would leave the black people worse than they found them, materially and morally. As it is, the Dixie Company is giving employment to men and women whose children will be educated in the school and will succeed them in industrial life.

The community is rising together—slowly, unevenly, with here a halt and there a backslider—but, on the whole, the natural growth of Kowaliga is upward. It has followed in the step of the little slave who honestly led home



QUARTERLY MEETING DAY AT A COMMUNITY CHURCH.

his master's horses. It is following in the steps of his son. The father achieved personal success. The son's ideal is to achieve the success of the community, and under his leadership the Negro community of Kowaliga is working out its own industrial, intellectual, and moral salvation.

The Company

BY C. H. KELSEY

President of the Title Guarantee and Trust Company, New York

MR. WILLIAM E. BENSON, of the Kowaliga School, came into my office some eight years ago without any introduction excepting a general one. He talked to me about his school, and made such an impression on me by his frankness, his modesty, his disinterestedness and unselfishness, his manifest ability and sound judgment, that I became much interested in him and his work, and have followed him carefully and helped him ever since. Time

has only increased my confidence in him and my admiration for his wisdom and character. As the school struggled along and others like it multiplied by the score and their agents filled the North asking for support, he insisted that the system would break down and that the great Negro problem could not be solved by making ever-increasing demands upon the charity and patriotism of the rest of the country. He urged that the colored communities

must be helped to self-support and prosperity, so that they could pay for their own schooling, and conceived the plan of putting his own community on its feet and demonstrating that there was a better way than looking forward to ever greater help from outside as the requirements of the school grew greater.

About five years ago he came North, with a proposition to buy about six thousand acres of magnificent timber and farming land surrounding Kowaliga, or-

quently he secured \$10,000 for additional land and improvements, and six months ago he bought sixteen hundred acres of turpentine forest to round out his plantation, now comprising nine thousand acres, and secured \$20,000 additional stock subscriptions, so that the capital of his company now paid in is \$50,000. Its primary object is not to make money, and those of us who subscribed were prepared to lose our money, but now do not expect to, and it looks



TYPICAL CABINS BOUGHT WITH THE DIXIE LANDS.

ganize an industrial corporation with substantial capital, build cheap farmhouses, establish small mills, sell on easy terms or lease small farms, teach profitable farming and sensible lumbering, develop the turpentine industry, and generally furnish work through the winter for a population that otherwise would be idle, or worse. A number of us helped him organize his company, buy his land, and commence the development. At first \$20,000 was raised, of which \$10,000 was furnished by his father and others at home. Subse-

as if it might be another case of wise philanthropy at five per cent. or better. The campaign has not been an easy one.

There have been many difficulties, and it was a long time before the receipts exceeded the expenses, but last year the first full crop of turpentine was harvested, and this hereafter will yield sufficient to pay a good dividend on the stock or to put into other development. The aid of the United States Department of Forestry was sought in establishing the turpentine industry, and the most approved methods em-

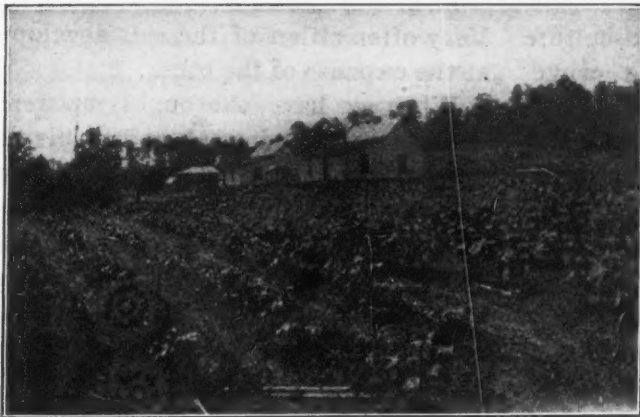
ployed. I believe that in the next ten years this industry alone will pay back the total investment of the company, leaving the timber as valuable for lumber as ever. After the lumber is used the land has proved admirable for peach and cotton growing. The company's property is worth to-day nearly twice what it cost and is carried on the company's books. It owns a saw mill, a shingle mill, a turpentine still, two stores, fifteen modern farm houses, twenty-five old ones bought with the land, about one hundred head of live stock, and a splendid equipment of tools and modern farming appliances. It leases about forty small farms to farmers and helps them by fair lending to avoid the exactions and oppressions of the old system of mortgaging crops.

The business management of the company is careful and able. Mr. Benson inherits the business ability and the sound judgment of his father, who from slavery and nothing has made himself the richest man in his county, winning at the same time the respect

and confidence of his white and black neighbors alike. He backs his son in all his plans, and there is no more admirable trait in father and son alike than the turning of the latter from his great opportunity for money-making to a devoted effort to bring up the community in which he was born to a higher plane of intelligence, comfort, and character. The accounts of the company and the school are audited every year by a certified public accountant from New York, Mr. Daniel Cranford Smith, who performs the same duty at Tuskegee and other similar schools. A report is published annually, and the directors of the company at the North are consulted by Mr. Benson and take an active interest in the company's work. In my judgment, its usefulness is limited only by the amount of capital that can be secured to extend its work.

It is a very slow job to bring up a whole community from abject poverty. The company had to use so much of its capital to secure its splendid tract of

land that it has not had capital enough to build houses and mills as fast as it should. It ought to build a cottonseed oil mill at once; it ought to build twenty or thirty more farm-houses. It still owes \$10,000 on its land. If it could have \$50,000 more capital, it could save years of time in seeing its plans successful and its community established as it ought to be. But whether it gets



MODEL COTTAGES BUILT BY DIXIE COMPANY.

this capital at once and progresses rapidly, or whether it does not and has to go more slowly, I am certain that the plan will succeed and that in a few years, or, if need be, after many years, we shall see about Kowaliga a complete exhibit of what a colored community ought to be, and can be made to be, by wise guidance and support and by establishing everywhere in it the principle of self-help.

Meantime Mr. Benson is not neglecting the school, but, as its executive secretary, is keeping up its organization and directing its development. It has a head master, who devotes much of his time to raising the money for its support, and a principle, who is devoted wholly to managing the school work, both academic and industrial. The school had an enrollment this year of 279 scholars.

That the school may not have to wait, for independent support, the slow process of the elevation of the

community to the capacity of giving that support (the evidences of the coming of which are already appearing in the shape of increased tuition fees paid by the scholars), Mr. Benson is anxious to get an endowment for the school. Some of the stockholders of the Dixie Industrial Company have already turned over their stock to the school to start its endowment fund, and others will do so. If additional friends could be found interested enough to subscribe the additional \$50,000 required for the proper development of the Dixie Industrial Company and at the same time generous enough to turn over the stock to the school for its endowment fund, they could do a double service and hasten from both ends the time when one successful school at least would not have to depend for its support more and more as its work grew upon a persistent seeking of contributions from the prosperous and generous.

Self-Culture as the Keystone of Education

E DUCATION without self-culture is nothing less than a crime.

Milton says, "I call a complete and generous education that which fits a man to perform, quickly, skilfully and magnanimously, all the offices both private and public of peace and war."

Man is a study in himself, physically, morally, mentally and intellectually. Man has in him two natures—one humane or divine, the other beast like or devilish. From these two elements of man's nature he derives his character.

Very often either of these is developed at the expense of the other.

When we have thoroughly mastered man's strong and weak points, his virtues and failings then we can sum up what may be termed his character.

Man's character is all of a piece, and the value of our life must sometime or other get down to a common denominator. It is impossible to label one section good and the other bad. If the good does not succeed in elevating the bad, the bad will eventually drag it

down to its own level. We cannot therefore, afford to neglect any side of our nature, and must give special consideration and attention to the elements which go to make up true manhood and a perfect character.

Artists tell us that nothing needs so many colors for its portrayal as the human face. For the same reason many elements are needed for the production of a complete character and life. Many members and one body; many faculties and one personality.

We should be careful and see that we cultivate the sensibility that does not weaken the intellect, the intellect that does not dwarf the affections, the affection that does not vitiate the conscience, the conscience that does not unnerve the will, and the will that does not misdirect the moral action.

This task to us might seem a heavy one, and likely to make life a burden, but when we realize the comfort it brings to others, and the honor to ourselves, the part is certainly harder than the whole.

The moral duty of man toward his brother is one of the essential principles of self-culture. Here it is that we can adequately apply the Golden Rule. "Do unto others as you would that they should do to you," One rash or unkind act or expression can damage the honor of a whole nation, while one kind act, glance of feeling expressed can win the devotion of the whole world. Bishop Brooks said, "He who helps the child aids humanity."

The strength of a nation or people is in its mothers, hence the reason why woman commands the universal respect

and adoration of man. All that the world has accomplished, be it good or bad, is traceable to the doors of our mothers. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.

All the good and great men that the world has produced had the foundation of their inborn qualities and culture on their mothers' knees. The three dearest words in our language are Mother, Home and Heaven. Mother—the sweetest of all names, the noblest of all idols, the most cherished of beings next to our Maker. Who can hear that name but will bow his head in reverence, love and adoration, yea, even shed a tear.

True motherhood is cultivated in girlhood. A morally born woman possessing all the necessary essentials of self-culture cannot fail to remember that she is responsible for the future actions of her boys and girls. Self-culture must therefore begin in the cradle.

Education and outward personal appearances are not sufficient to make a lady or gentleman. Fine garments and good looks are often the cloak for a multitude of sins and the devil's agent. "By their fruits ye shall know them." By their walk and conversation ye shall know. One writer said, "Show me your company and I'll tell you who you are." It is not necessary to pose as a lady or gentleman for the information of the world. It is impossible to make a lady or gentleman, you must be so born, and then cultivate the principles of self-culture.

A lady or a gentleman never attempts to hurt the feelings of another even when there is a reason for it, but will

in turn exchange a word or kindly smile tempered with love and tenderness for a blow.

Selfishness is the meanest part of a man's nature, and the chief obstacle in the way of true-self-culture. Man's mean shortsighted view of himself as the superior of his associates in self-culture and education makes him most obnoxious to his truly cultured associates. Never try to over estimate yourself or your attainments; or to under-rate or depreciate your brothers.

A backwoods preacher in addressing a graduating class, being at a loss what to say to them said, "Never stop learning until you know, that you do know, that which you think that you know."

Never try to criticise others simply for the object of displaying your ability to criticise, or merely to overthrow the argument of the speaker. This shows the lack of self-culture and good common sense. If your criticism is for the benefit of your hearers, then you would be justified, but never forget to place yourself in his position while you are debating on the subject—always keeping in mind the words of Bacon, "Read not to contradict or confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse but to weigh and consider."

The first demand of self-culture is self respect. The man who respects himself is bound to secure the respect of others.

To be truly happy you must aim to make happy those with whom you come in contact day by day. Cicero says, "Culture is as necessary for the mind as food is for the body."

To attain the apex of self-culture the mind must be cultivated. We cannot nourish the body and soul and neglect the mind. All three hinge on the others; they are each parts of the whole. Addison says. "A human soul without education is like a marble in the quarry which shows none of its inherent beauties until brought out by the skill of the polisher." The same can be applied to education without self-culture. Plato says, "Education should begin with music, which will lead up to literature."

Nine-tenths of the human race lack true self-culture. Just take a trip on our street cars and the lack of self-culture is so much in evidence as to disgust the ordinary cultured mind. Disrespect for age and disregard on the part of our men for the rights of the gentler sex. The respect to old age in days gone by is almost a thing of the past. Young people pay little or no attention to the right, privileges and respect which should be paid to their seniors. They consider them their equals and address them as such, in fact. The impudence of the young to the old is so common to day that little or no notice is taken of it even by the aged themselves. Young men will sit in a public conveyance while their queen in petticoats remains standing. They will resort to any kind of language and conversation irrespective of their young women associates. Disregard for true womanhood and lack of the principles of true gentility is the chief factors at work to-day which we must endeavor to displace if we would establish the principles of self-culture and a moral home.

The First Negro Drug Store

BY MOSES AMOS

THE beginning of the first Negro drug store in Georgia dates back to 1876. The man directly responsible for it has long since made his report to God. The man in question was Dr. J. C. Huss, a white man, a Southern white man; he it was who employed the first Negro drug clerk in all this Southland. It was in October, 1876, that a large crowd of small Negro boys went out Peachtree street, where Dr. Huss kept a drug store. The old doctor was seated in front of his store smoking his pipe. He called one little Negro after another until he finally selected the writer. His first instructions were: "I want you to live with me, work in the drug store, look after my horse, work in the house and do anything that is to be done." He sent me over to his residence and told me to tell his wife to give me my breakfast, and I certainly delivered the first message correctly. His wife, a noble lady, not only fed the little Negro boy but made him take a bath in a sure enough porcelain tub, the first one the little Negro had ever seen. She did more than that, she brought the little Negro a suit which consisted of more than one garment, his usual toilet outfit. The little Negro reported back to the store regenerated and the doctor had to adjust his glasses before he could recognize the boy he had hired not more than an hour before. The doctor's advice was as

follows: "You can wash bottles, put up Castor Oil, Salts and Turpentine, and sell anything you know and put the money in this drawer." He showed me how to work the keys to the cash drawer. Says he: "I am going to trust you, don't steal anything from me; if you want anything in this store, ask for it and you can have it. Don't tell me a lie. I hate a liar—a fellow who will lie will steal."

I was with him from 1876 until July, 1889, the month and year he died. During those years I always remembered his first instructions. He gave me every chance to learn, he allowed me to go to school and paid for the same out of his pocket. He trusted me fully and left me in full charge of his entire business for weeks at a time. This is verified by thousands of old citizens here in Atlanta to-day.

After his death, the next year, Doctors Butler and Slater came to Atlanta fresh from college. We, with others, formed a partnership and bought out the store I was brought up in, and thus began in reality the first Negro drug store in Georgia.

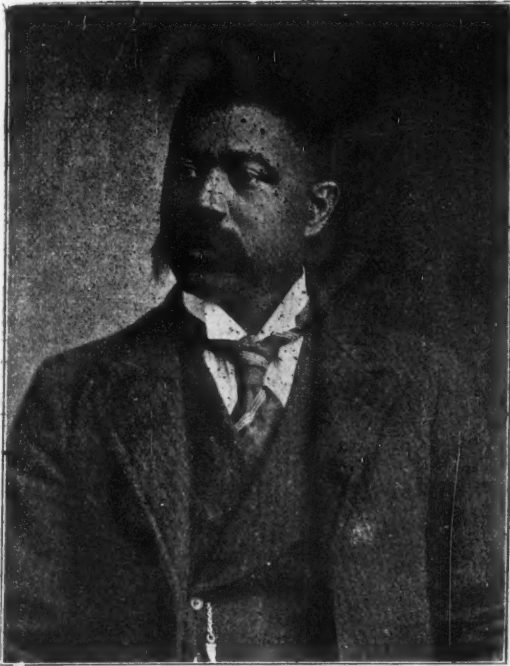
The years I had spent with the white man aided me materially in conducting this drug store. We operated this store with fair success for a few years and our business grew to be worth in stock about \$3,000 dollars and a cash balance of \$800, with not one cent of indebted-

ness on our store. This progress was too swift, as subsequent events proved. We were renting the store. Growing tired of that we decided to buy us a home, as we called it. So we contracted for a lot for \$1,500. We paid out our \$800 we had on hand and borrowed \$700 more to pay the \$1,500 for the land. After getting the land we were without a house. We then borrowed \$1,100 to build a house. The \$1,100 added to the \$700 borrowed for the land made us owe \$1,800, plus the interest and plus the money for inside fixtures, put us under an obligation of nearly \$3,000. Then our trouble began in earnest. We made the payments too large, and the loss in trade incident to our change of location put us in a hole that we failed to crawl out of. We made an assignment in about a year and a half, but paid every cent we owed and saved our honor, but lost our cash. Other parties bought this same store and put me in charge of it, and we started out to do all the business at once. We extended credit to all the big folks and the little ones alike. We played Rockefeller and Morgan for a while, but a very short while. We suddenly discovered that our wealth was piled up on our books; our entire assets consisted of accounts ranging from twenty-five cents to \$40. They are on those books to-day, I suppose, as we turned them over to the parties who foreclosed the mortgage one day after we ALL signed it. We discovered also that there was a black sheep in our firm, as a partner. This black sheep (I only mention this to show you what we may expect to come in contact with in

business), colluded with a large drug firm to get us to give a mortgage and let the firm foreclose it, and then he buy it in, which he did. He bought the store on his own credit and moved it away, and in three months this same black sheep had to turn, not only the drug store, but all of his outside interests, over to the wholesale men. This was in 1896. The same week this collusion was made and the pride of my heart wiped away, the Gate City Drug Store, of which I am manager, was organized, consisting of Dr. Thomas H. Slater, who is practicing medicine here; Mr. C. C. Cater, who has been in the grocery business for more than twenty years; Mr. F. J. Wimberly, manager of R. M. Rose's mammoth distillery, and myself.

The Gate City Drug Store has not been without its trials. It began in 1896, with a cash capital of a few hundred dollars and to-day we are on good terms with the wholesale houses all over the world! We buy and sell all that the people will buy from us. We employ and pay six young men and women all the time, and are able to pay legal interest on the money invested.

For three times during our career we have been on the verge of giving up our business, all due to the credit system. I remember the last time we were in the straits, we needed four hundred dollars to pay our bills. I, as manager picked out most of our best customers and gave them a heart to heart business talk and told them what a fix we were in and asked that each pay us some at least, on their respective accounts by a certain day; all promised.



MOSES AMOS

The accounts against those chosen good ones amounted to \$1680.00. On the day set for this great onslaught of payments, I got \$8.25. I called my partners together and told them if those accounts were not worth more than that to us, when we were in a tight, we had better cut them all off, and so we did. Then our success was assured. We sent a circular to every name on our books and told them that on and after a certain date, our business would be conducted on a cash basis. We have had smooth sailing ever since, and I'll tell you gentlemen, if I was going to start a store to-morrow, I would put out a sign like this: Only the Spiritual Part of Jesus Christ Credited Here! I have a stack of old ledgers, all filled up that would (if they could be molded

into bricks) build any man a palatial home, and if I could engender all the lies that have been told about these accounts and make them into bricks, they would build steps from here to glory! In this mighty age of progress and competition you can only succeed by doing business on a cash basis.

A big bluff in the form of a man came into our store one day and told one of my partners he had just been up the street to look at ten houses and lots for sale, and in the meantime he wanted a few dollars worth of goods until he came by again. When I saw the goods charged to him and sought to know why (I knew the Negro and my partners did not,) I was told "why that man is rich, he has just been up to look at ten houses and lots for sale." I replied, "Yes my dog saw those same places for sale this morning, but that was all. He looked at them and passed them by just like that Negro did who has swindled us out of these goods." That account has never been paid.

The Negro in the ordinary walks of life, knows nothing about business. He believes if he spends a dime with you, that he is entitled to twenty-five cents worth on credit. If you refuse him, he will give you a bad name. I've also found out that many of our people who are rated as being intelligent, are very much lacking when it comes to business.

When the Gate City Drug Store had been in existence for a few months I remember a certain colored man, (one of the big ones) came to see me. Says he: "Amos, I am real sore with you." I asked him why. Says he: "I have always been your friend. I have talked

up for you ever since you were a small boy and when you got ready to start this drug store, you did not ask me to be your partner. I would have furnished you with all the money you needed." He left me feeling good. He turned back and said, "I would have let you have fifty dollars." That amount said I would not have bought my first bill of candies to say nothing of drugs.

I must tell you of old Uncle Ned. I've had one source of advice and inspiration, during all these years, that I cannot refrain from mentioning. When I was a little boy, an old colored man by the name of Uncle Ned used to come into the drug store and put his hand on my head and tell me, "Boy, you are making history here with this white man. Be honest, don't steal, treat this white man right and you will never regret." Some years ago, Uncle Ned moved out in the country and he never misses calling to see me on the fourth of July. He always says, "Son, I see you is still in the dredgery." This year, I told him I was going to read a paper on the first Negro Drug Store of Georgia, and asked him what I must say. "Says he, Doc. tell them niggers from up North that I say that you show is the first Negro dredgery of Georgia."

I have had another experience which gave me inspiration. Some years ago I went up North just looking around prospecting, so to speak. I also carried a letter of credit from the bank and a letter from my employer authorizing me to buy goods for his store. When I went into a certain wholesale house up there and presented my credentials, they seemed to think there was a mis-

take somewhere or somehow. They used the Western Union freely to see about the mistake! The word came back, "he is the man!" I bought a few thousand dollars worth of goods. Those men in that wholesale house have never had a solution for the dark mystery.

I met a colored man up there who became very much interested in me, and told me to come North where a man is a man! Said he, "I hear you all are hitched to plows down South and are made to pull like mules and oxen." I told him it was a barefaced lie! I needed a shave and walked the streets for hours trying to get the gray beard taken off my face and into each place I went, they used some kind of subterfuge to keep me from being waited on. I went to a hardware store and bought a razor, and to a drug store and finished the whole paraphernalia, then to my room and shaved myself, for the first time, and I have used that razor ever since. I came home disgusted, and decided to fight it out right here, I told that Northern Negro that I could go into the Kimball House here in my town, one of the largest hotels in the South, and get a shave. I did not tell him it was down in the basement! But I told him the truth. I afterwards learned that this same Northern Negro, who was raking my section so severely was nothing more than an ex-field hand from Alabama. Gentlemen, I mention these things because they bear directly upon the Negro in business. We cannot be at ease in business here, if we do not know and understand conditions elsewhere. I am here in business. I am on the scene of action and I tell you

frankly that we have every opportunity in a business way that is enjoyed by any man in the South. I have seen colored men in line at our banks with notes to be discounted. I've seen white men in the same line waiting their turn to see the Cashier. I've seen white men's notes refused and I have never known a single Negro to fail to get what is justly due him. You are rated according to your worth and not according to your color.

This has been the experience of the Gate City Drug Store of which I am manager, Taking it as a whole however, we are everywhere in a dense commercial forest.

The way to clear up a forest is

to cut out the small trees and the shrubbery first, then you can get to the big trees. Each time a Negro is successful in any line of business, he is cutting the small trees and shrubbery from this dense business forest. Let us clear away the small trees and shrubbery by promptly meeting our obligations, and then we can reach the big ones. I heartily endorse the efforts of our leader in every way. He is trying to build up a race. We must admit that the advice he gives is best for us at this stage of our national life. Let us hold up his hands. I refer to Mr. Booker T. Washington, the man who is leading us in a business as well as in an educational way.

A Successful Post Office Clerk

EDWARD B. J. BAILEY was born in Baltimore, Md., June 3rd, 1875. His parents moved to the country when he was quite young and started him to school at five years of age. This school was in the basement of his uncle's house, as there were no public schools located in the country districts at that time.

He assisted in building the first school house in that section of Baltimore county. It was a log building 16 by 20, and there he received the greater part of his education. His father was taken sick when he was about 8 years old. He went to work on a farm during the

Summer months and attended school in the Winter, and helped when not in school to do the chores on the farm. At the age of 15 he came to White Plains, N. Y., and secured employment. He spent a term at Hampton and afterward went to Washington. Returning to White Plains he went to work as a porter in the Pullman service. In October of 1898 he was appointed a letter carrier at the White Plains Post Office, in which position he continued until February, 1905, when he resigned to enter the railway mail service. In July of this year he returned to the White Plains Post Office, where he is at pres-

ent employed. Mr. Bailey is a member of Branch No. 693, National Association of Letter Carriers, and has been secretary and treasurer of the Branch since its organization seven years ago. He was selected to represent the Branch at the National Convention in Detroit, Mich., in 1900, in which there were only six colored delegates out of 636. He is a member of the Second M. E. Church of White Plains, Westchester Lodge No. 5494, G. U. O. of O. F.; D. S. Dudley Lodge No. 44, F. and A. M.; Jos. A. Walker Lodge No. 16, Knights of Pythias; Grand Vice Chancellor K. of P. of New York State, and also Deputy G. C. for West Chester county and captain of Excelsior Company No. 2, Uniform Rank K. of P.



EDWARD B. J. BAILEY

Mr. Bailey is an expert photographer and does considerable work during his leisure hours.

An Address to the Public

THE Afro-American Council assembled in its eighth annual session, submits the following declaration of principles to the American people:

The present session is held under the strain of most distressing and crucial circumstances. The recent Atlanta barbarities have shocked the conscience of the civilized world. In this hour of trial we urge the afflicted people to preserve a manly spirit and sober judgment. The man who loses his head loses his cause. These atrocities will

arouse the enlightened conscience of the American Nation in behalf of the people who are victims of them.

We beg to call the attention of the Nation to the demonstrated fallacy of the vociferously proclaimed doctrine that denial of civil and political rights would promote order and racial peace.

Under a democratic republic the only guarantee of equality before the law is that all shall participate in making the laws by which they are to be governed. We urge upon the colored people a manly, sensible and unceasing

insistence upon every right guaranteed by the Federal Constitution.

We believe that the Constitution of the six States which have recently been revised with sinister designs against the Negro's political rights and all civil discriminations, such as the iniquitous "Jim Crow" car laws, calculated to humiliate and degrade American citizens, should be tested in the Supreme Court of the United States. We pledge the effort of the Council to vigorous activity in this behalf. If the Negro should fail to exhaust every lawful expedient to vindicate his violated rights, his supine attitude would show his unworthiness of them. Liberty loving Americans can have little respect for a people who would allow their rights to lapse by default.

The United States has a higher record of murderous and violent crimes than any other civilized nation on the face of the earth. Neither race has a monopoly of any type of crime, nor can either claim exemption. There is no color line in crime, and there should be no race vindictiveness in its punishment. All crime can be more effectively dealt with by law than by lawlessness. It is the duty of the government to punish the guilty and protect the innocent, so that the humblest citizen may feel safe and secure under its protecting aegis. All good citizens, regardless of race, should write with virtue against vice, and with law against lawlessness.

Heinous assault upon female chastity is repugnant to the holiest human instinct. We cannot express too strongly our abhorrence of such attacks by the vicious and depraved who are not confined

to any race. We ask the world to divide its sympathy with colored women, who, too often the victims of criminal assaults, are unable to secure the arrest of the white men so charged, and are thus without the protection of public sentiment or law.

The number and extent of such assaults by Negroes upon white women have been exaggerated and proclaimed to the world as the usual excuse for lynching. When the plain facts or records show that scarcely one case in four can plead even allegation of rape. The Negro is lynched for almost every species of offenses in the catalogue of human transgression, and lynching is oftener the expression of race hatred than the punishment for any particular crime.

We believe a national aid to education in those sections where the local resources are inadequate, and the national revenues cannot be more profitably expended than in transforming the ignorant and neglected into intelligent and competent citizens. We favor the employment of Negro-American rather than foreign labor in the prosecution of the work of the Panama Canal.

We rejoice in the material progress of the race. The rapid growth of individual and organized business enterprises is a most encouraging indication.

We feel that we are entitled to the encouragement of all patriotic Americans in our endeavor to uphold the fundamental law of the land. Our demands are reasonable and just, and they are set forth soberly and without vindictive vehemence, we are none the

less fixed and unalterable in our determination to secure all the rights and privileges of American citizens.

We appreciate the support and sympathy of our friends in the North and appreciate the manly and courageous attitude of a growing number of fair-minded Southern white men, who are taking a liberal and humane attitude in the issues involved in the relation of the races.

The National Afro-American Coun-

cil invites all kindred organizations and agencies to unite or co-operate with it in its efforts to attain the desired end. The President of this Council is hereby authorized to invite a conference of the officers of all such national organizations looking toward the formation of a permanent standing committee of safety.

BISHOP A. J. WALTERS,
KELLY MILLER, President.
Chairman Committee on Resolutions.

RAYMOND S. PHILLIPS was born in Boston, Mass., 27 years ago. He attended the public schools of his native city and after graduating entered a large business house as a clerk. He remained with this house for a few years, resigning to accept a more responsible position with the attorney for the Boston and Albany Railroad. He is pleasantly located with his little family, consisting of a wife and son, at West Medford, a suburb of Boston. Mr. Raymond is a Spanish War Veteran, having served in Cuba and Porto Rico as a member of Company L, 6th Massachusetts Regiment. He is commander of Garrison No. 16, Army and Navy Union, High Priest of St. Stephens Chapter of Royal Arch Masons, and has been honored with the position of Exalted Ruler of Pioneer Lodge No. 19 for one and a half years. He is a firm believer in the possibilities of his race, and that they should contend for every right guaranteed them by the Constitution. He identifies himself with every



RAYMOND S. PHILLIPS.

movement that seeks the betterment of his race, and Pioneer Lodge delights to honor him.

Sentiment of the Northern Press on the Recent Criminal Outbreak in Atlanta

We reproduce these editorial expressions from the New York Evening Post and Brooklyn Daily Eagle, showing the feeling of the North against Southern conditions. The South will undoubtedly give heed and see that law and order hereafter prevail, and that the Negro shall be given adequate protection. Our race has suffered long enough. All we ask is even handed justice.—EDITOR.

Atlanta Disgraces the Nation

Brooklyn Daily Eagle, September 24

IT is impossible to over-estimate the seriousness of the rioting at Atlanta. We may measure what the rest of the world thinks of the United States to-day by what we think of riots against the Jews in Russia. Ours was a race outbreak as purely as that at Kishineff. Its cause was more serious and far, far more inflammatory, but like the slaughter at Kishineff, it was an outbreak of the lust and cruelty of the governing race against a people absolutely at their mercy. There was no pretense of killing the particular Negroes who had assaulted women. The crime of lynching has occurred in the South over and over again, has been excused by the country and gloried in by its participants. Now we are reaping the fruits of that tolerance. The white race, the guardians of law and order, have turned loose in an insensate fury against all Negroes, have murdered at least fifteen innocent men, have wounded many more and have reduced their town to a state of terror, where no Negro dare go forth about his regular business, and where the Negroes' families in which murder has been done

are carrying their dead forth secretly in the country to bury them at night, so that the mourners may not risk being shot down. And this wild outburst of savagery occurred in one of the most American cities in this country. Atlanta has a small and insignificant element of foreign population and it has been one of the most progressive and prosperous cities of the South.

Those facts, which make the crime and the disgrace the blacker, which make it more truly a national and not merely a local shame, make an understanding and removal of the causes of the outbreak the more imperative. We would not for one moment underestimate the shocking nature of the immediate cause. Before the whites broke out into their savage howl for black blood there had been twelve assaults by Negroes upon white women, not one of which has been punished by law. The strain which such a state of facts puts upon civilization and government is hardly to be understood by men who live in a region where such crimes are rare. The one fact which is clear to the whole world is that government and civilization break under the strain and that the very men who should maintain

both exult in their failure and in the substitution of wholesale and indiscriminate race murder of them.

The world knows that now but the men who should have prevented the outrages by efficient police control knew it before the fire was kindled. They knew it and they not only took no efficient measure to prevent it, but they deliberately inflamed the public mind to a point where the outbreak was inevitable. Particularly is this true of the newspapers of Atlanta. Weeks ago, when a Negro was lynched in the presence of the Governor of South Carolina, the Atlanta News offered a large reward for white men who should lynch Negroes who assaulted white women in Atlanta. If the News were called to pay its reward to all the murderers of Negroes who are entitled to claim it, the paper would become bankrupt. If it is held to an equally just and stern account by the people of the city whom its incitement to wholesale murder has disgraced, it will be bankrupt for lack of readers and advertisers. The riots of Saturday and Sunday are the fruit of its incitement as certainly as a harvest of weeds follows a summer shower. The journalism of which the News has made itself the most conspicuous exponent glories in the result of its campaign. All of Atlanta, all of Georgia, all of the United States suffer for it, and the authors of the calamity should be made to bear as much of the punishment as can be brought to their door. They sowed the wind and their city, their state, and their country have reaped the whirlwind.

At the time this infamous reward

was offered few of the dozen assaults now charged upon the Negroes had been committed. The newspaper campaign for blood inflamed the whites, and it is fair to suppose that the same general blame affected the Negroes also. Certainly, the crimes which dared the whites to carry out their threats of lynching have increased since the agitation for murder began. Instead of the headlines intimidating the Negroes, they seem to have inflamed the beasts among them to more frequent and daring crimes than they had committed before. Now both races are at a pitch of excitement, where white and Negro women alike are said to be urging their men on to murder. All thought of vengeance upon individual crimes or criminals has been lost sight of in a wild lust for the blood of the racial enemy.

Where the outbreak may end no one can tell. After the semblance of order has been restored by the troops, the red devil of murder will lurk in ten thousand breasts, white and black alike waiting for an opportunity to wreak its hate and vengeance. The cure for such a condition is long and slow, so slow as to be well nigh hopeless. But the first thing which the people of Atlanta ought to do is to suppress their inflammatory newspapers. That cannot be done by law, but it can be done by a much surer process of starvation, and the men who fomented the riots deserve that punishment. Then Atlanta should establish an adequate police force to keep its black brutes in order. Such a force costs money and the men of Atlanta hate to spend money in such a cause. It is

quicker and cheaper to shoot the devils at sight, and a large share of the whites feel in their hearts that that is all the black brutes deserve. It may be all that the beasts who attack white women deserve, but it is not all that the orderly, law-abiding Negroes deserve, and it is not all that the city of Atlanta deserves.

The policy which shoots the brutes at sight has been tried. It has bracketed the name of Atlanta with Kishineff. Does Atlanta like the association? Does Georgia like it? If not, the remedy is to preserve order through the forms of law. That means a big police force, a prompt and efficient judiciary and, above all, a white citizenship which shall create and maintain a sober and decent public opinion. Violence of speech precedes and creates violence of crime. An orgy of ink preludes an orgy of blood. The whites should feel that they are responsible for the good conduct of both races. They must know now that their violence of speech and of print provokes violence among the blacks. Intimidation by proclamation is impossible. Intimidation by blood lays waste the good name of their city and the lives of their citizens. That is too dear a price for the privilege of a few irresponsible editors to froth at the mouth over every race crime. Not until the whites set an example of respect for law, for order and for life can they expect the blacks to respect them. The burden thus put upon the governing and opinion-making classes is indeed grievous, but it is their burden and unless they carry it they must sink with it and under it. Civilization in

Atlanta and the South depends upon self-control and moderation among the whites.

Hysteria and Negro Problems

New York Evening Post, September 27

Fortunately for both races, the Atlanta uprising seems at an end; it may be that within a few days the temperature will have cooled off sufficiently to allow the exact facts to become known. Indeed, signs of returning sanity were visible yesterday when the judge who had just sent sixteen marauders to prison declared that the riot was due not to a determined effort to avenge insults to white women, but to the excesses of a gang of ruffians. Many suspicions of intended assault, he added, had been magnified into actual assaults. This recalls the recent lynching of a colored boy for merely looking into the window of a house in which a white girl happened to be alone. But waiving all this, and recognizing as we do that heinous crimes of shocking ferocity have been committed in and about Atlanta, the question now before the country is what the South is going to do to prevent recurrence of such a revolting spectacle as Atlanta has witnessed.

Beyond all doubt, the killing of innocent Negroes and the arresting of hundreds of others without warrant of military or civil law has put the desire to retaliate, to meet violence with violence, and death with death, into the minds of thousands of hitherto peaceful Negroes. Yet their leaders, from Booker Washington down, have spoken words of wisdom and succeeded thus far in controlling them. But what they have

done once, they may not be able to do again. The decent, respectable whites of the South must look to it that the innocent colored people are not made to suffer at the hands of mobs, unless they wish to see blood flow as in a Sicilian vendetta, and a race hostility which will mean the keeping of thousands of men in arms, the heaping up of state debts, and the general unsettlement of business. The suppression of a people by force is the most unprofitable undertaking governments can indulge in. The mere compression keeps the fires within at a white heat, and makes the danger of an outburst greater than ever.

What can the intelligent and high-minded white men of the South—we mean such men as President Alderman of the University of Virginia, President Houston of the University of Texas, ex-Congressman William H. Fleming of Georgia, and enlightened clergymen of the type of Bishop Galloway of Mississippi and the Rev. Quincy Ewing of Birmingham—do to avert a condition of affairs as appalling as that of reconstruction days? Our answer is: They can throw their great influence in the direction of stopping the everlasting agitation of the Negro question in the South itself. The great bulk of the Negro people is honest, sober, peaceable, and industrious; were this not surely the case, things would be far worse in the South than the most violent negrophobe alleges, and the cry for good labor to harvest the cotton crops would be loud and insistent.

A vast majority of the colored people wish to be let alone to continue their

wonderful achievements in the way of home-getting and of accumulating means and resources. They do not attempt to break into politics; of those who still can vote, few attempt to go to the polls. They wish to be free to pursue happiness in their own way. Is it just or humane that the crimes of a few among them should be forever charged to the honest and industrious; that the law-abiding should be punished, too; that the race agitation should be kept up incessantly because the Southern politician has no other issue upon which to appeal to the rabble? Has the yellow journal of the Atlanta News stripe no better way of whipping the populace into buying than issuing shrieking extras about every rape or attempt at rape?

If these papers really have the interests of their section at heart, they would sooner suppress all news of such outbreaks than display it. In every community there occur sexual crimes, here in New York, in the rural districts of Massachusetts, in Michigan, in England, France—everywhere. No week goes by that the Frankfurter Zeitung does not report some horrible case of depravity within its territory. But no other press except the Southern serves up offences of this kind so flagrantly. Yet it carefully suppresses all accounts of white men's assaults on colored girls—there were two in Atlanta recently. No Associated Press dispatch ever heralds these, while the crime of a Negro brute is ever a first-page "story." Not only must the best sentiment of the South speak out against this exploiting of the bestial, but should lift a protesting voice against every deliberate effort

to degrade the Negro into a merely servile condition. Following the loss of the ballot, the Negro has been "set apart" in railroad and street cars and stations, theatres, churches—practically in every place where the races come into contact. But the "superior race" is still not content. The Negro's inferiority must be hysterically ground into him at every opportunity.

To illustrate: at Athens, Georgia, Mayor Dorsey recently fined five Negro girls \$10 for stopping five little white girls on the street and saying "objectionable things to them"—among others that "white women had been brought to the kitchen, and would sooner or later be brought to the washtub, where they belonged." The Mayor gravely pronounced the views of these ill-mannered children to be "very reprehensible and without any provocation," and beyond doubt, "a reflection of what they had heard their parents say." He added that he wished to "notify their parents that this was a white man's country, and that the Negro was an inferior race, and might as well know his position and keep it." He then—instead of suggesting a spanking—fined them, and asked Superintendent Bond to see that the Negro girls were expelled from the public schools for all time. So gravely endangered was the white race as to make it necessary to add five more illiterates to Georgia's roll! This contemptible act of inexcusable injustice, part of the hysteria of the day is but an incident among thousands which no chivalrous, high minded white man can read without a blush. Indeed, the hysteria of the South has gone so far as

to lead people the world over to say that the South must be so mortally afraid of the Negroes that it has, like a blustering bully, to maintain its superiority by force and violence instead of by co-operation, education, direction, and a little Christian charity.

"Who overcomes by force.

Hath overcome but half his foe."

Atlanta Newspapers Blamed

New York Evening Post, September 28

The Fulton County, Georgia, grand jury yesterday made the following presentment:

Believing that the sensational manner in which the afternoon newspapers of Atlanta have presented to the people the news of the various criminal acts recently committed in this county has largely influenced the creation of the spirit animating the mob of last Saturday night and that the editorial utterances of the Atlanta News for some time past have been calculated to create a disregard for the proper administration of the law and to promote the organization of citizens to act outside of the law in the punishment of crime.

And believing further that the distribution by the Atlanta News of sensational extras on Saturday night among excited men and boys greatly inflamed the crowd and promoted the formation of the mobs therefor.

Resolved, That the sensationalism of the afternoon papers in the presentation of the criminal news to the public prior to the riots of Saturday night, especially in the case of the Atlanta News, deserves our severest condemnation, and we trust that in the interest of law and order in Fulton County there may be a cessation of such journalistic methods.

Col. James W. English, jr., Gov. Terrell's chief of staff and vice-president of the Fourth National Bank, controls the Atlanta News.

Atlanta Recovering

New York Evening Post, September 28

Atlanta is recovering from her outburst of race mania, of which she is now heartily ashamed. A cheering sign of restored sanity is the presentment of the Atlanta News, by the Grand Jury of Fulton County, as the direct provocative agent of the murderous riots. The sensational and inflammatory methods of the News deserve, says the Grand Jury, "our severest condemnation;" and it calls for the cessation of such journalism, "in the interest of law and order." This is putting the cap precisely where it fits. The public arraignment must cut deep. We notice that the Atlanta Journal, Hoke Smith's paper, repents of the evil to which it has contributed so much—namely, the "untimely and unnecessary" discussion of the Negro problem "through the newspaper." It is something, when politicians and editors who have lashed themselves into an artificial excitement, in order to get office or make money, thus recoil before their own horrible success. The Journal states that the trouble had its origin in the low dives, where the worthless and criminal of both races congregate, and admits that the frenzied mob "murdered and maltreated inoffensive and defenceless Negroes." Thus Atlanta is getting over her temporary loss of reason; but the duty of looking for the true causes of the lapse into barbarism remains. One of the undoubted causes is plainly given by "A Southerner," who writes to the Columbia (S. C.) State of his personal observations "in almost every nook of

every county in every state of the South." He asserts that "much of this trouble is caused by the vile, low, contemptible cohabitation of self-styled Southern gentlemen with Negro women.." It is a Southern man who makes this statement; a Southern newspaper that prints it. The witness adds: "What I am writing here is no secret. * * * Our women know it, and blush with shame."

Atlanta's Race War

Brooklyn Daily Eagle, September 25

People who are not hasty in their conclusions nor superficial in their reasonings sometimes ask themselves if our outbreaks of passion, of race hate, of disregard for the forms of law wherein society has pledged itself to justice and peace, are not indicative of an element of national disintegration. We are prepared for moral crudity and intellectual backwardness among certain of the people who are coming to this country—brigands of Sicily, malcontents from Poland, terrorists from Russia, anarchists from France, disturbers from Britain and Germany; people embittered by a past of poverty, oppression and social discrimination, and we trust to our public schools, our press, our free assemblages and other agencies of progress and enlightenment to Americanize them. But if they develop into such Americans as those of the southern and western communities, that set law at defiance, and kill their fellow men at sight because their skins are of a different color, will the last state of this nation be worse than the first, or have we some saving grace that will bring us through this troublous time of prejudice and

wrath and restore the people to their mental balance?

The match has been put to the powder in Atlanta. The excuse cannot be made that this is a city of aliens, that fanatic Syrians or murderous Italians or hard drinking, uncontrollable, wrathful men of Russia exercise a mischievous influence over the masses. It is a town of American descendants of the cavaliers of Jamestown and the Puritans of Massachusetts, great-grandsons of the soldiers of Washington, who founded a republic, as they supposed, on sturdier elements of justice and liberty than ever other nation had beneath it; yet the old and nobler traditions have been cast aside, and the people, making common cause against harmless Negroes, have shot them down in their homes and in the streets, hanged before the jails and are chasing them into the swamps.

The expected has come of it. The Negroes are not submitting to be slain like sheep in the shambles. They are returning the fire of their persecutors. Could less be looked for? Especially could it be looked for in an age when men are free to provide themselves with the means of murder. Arms and ammunition are as freely sold in our cities, to any who ask them, as are the common necessities of life. A single shop in Atlanta sold \$16,000 worth of pistols and cartridges in thirty-six hours, with full sanction of the law that has been invoked as vainly to speed punishment for crimes less grave than that of filling men's hands with instruments of murder.

In the retaliation of the blacks several white men have been hurt and

killed. Four policemen are among the victims. It was not discovered that the police were doing anything to restrain violence when committed by those of their own color. Should race hates intensify, should the war be carried beyond Atlanta and involve Georgia and adjacent states, the South would be reaping a terrible harvest from the seed sown by the fathers of the land when they planted human slavery on these shores two centuries and more ago.

But there will be peace; the blacks will be terrorized into submission, though not before they have tried to better the example of their former masters. It will not be a peace of consent, however, but only of fear. Each element in the conflict will suspect the other and will keep its attitude of an armed guard. Crime will be liable at any moment to recur and illegal punishments to assume their present savage form.

And what can be done to better the situation? The first and effective thing would be to disarm the populace, black and white; to forbid the sale, use, carriage or ownership of weapons that are devised for the taking of human life, just as we forbid the storage and unlicensed use of dynamite and poisons. The next and equally effective thing would be to get the law out of its ruts of precedent, so that criminal cases would be tried and disposed of in the same year, the same month, the same week. The real enemies of the law are those who misconstrue, and abort, and avert it in the interest of criminals, great and small, making its very name

synonymous with trickery and delay and partiality.

The mobs of the South and West that lynch and burn and persecute are assailing persons less than they are assailing an outworn system. That system abolished, and the courts restored to their function of a popular defense, lynching will cease. But fogysm and interest cling to a system that works so admirably for the breaker of the law, especially when he is in high station. What, then, will be the upshot of the prevailing discontent, if court practice is not remedied, and the aggressions of the vicious and ignorant continue? Will the whole body of society be vitiated and the primal passions flame out in increasing violence on every provocation? Or will the people learn self-control through pain of experience, and respect their own better natures? Democracy is on trial wherever men refuse to recognize the statutory restraints of honor and decency.

Tillman's Seeming Frankness

New York Evening Post, October 8

Sentor Tillman's views on the Negro question have the great merit of frankness. But, if we may judge by the telegraphed reports, they still lead directly to anarchy, to say nothing of friction between the North and the South. He would send all vicious Negroes to the North, and insists that the South shall

pay no further attention "to all the Yankees between Cape Cod and hell," "We must cease to ponder," he declares, "else we will soon be forced to go to shooting. And Negroes, too, will begin to kill when they begin to believe that the color of the skin is a death warrant, regardless of good behavior." But his most significant utterance is that touching upon the notorious relations of white men with colored women. This is a subject that can only be briefly touched upon in the newspapers; but it is suggestive that it has suddenly begun to appear in the Southern press. We reprinted on Friday last a letter from a Southern white woman to the Atlanta Georgian, dwelling upon this misconduct of the white men. In the same paper of September 29, another woman writes from Washington, Ga.: "Let me ask, what are we going to do with the white brute?" and adds:

How many colored girls of Georgia reach the years of maturity before they are in the toils of some white, must I say, man? Some one will say the Negro does not know of, or care for, a better life. Who is responsible for this state of affairs? Through the years of their slavery, when they had no way of learning only from their masters, what did we teach them? Are we still trying to teach them morality?

It is interesting to note that the Georgian's editor heads this letter "A Home Thrust on Morals."

THE AFRO-AMERICAN COUNCIL invites contributions to its Legal Expense Fund. One hundred thousand (\$100,000) dollars are to be raised. A dollar from one hundred thousand people will make this. You may send to this office, or to Bishop Alexander Walters, 28 Oak street, Jersey City, N. J., and acknowledgment will be made.

The Elks' Convention in Brooklyn Continued

BY W. PRESTON MOORE

MR. JAS. S. WILLIAMS is a man of splendid character and good ability, and is well qualified for the office of Exalted Ruler, to which position he was unanimously elected September 13, 1906. Mr. Williams will give added strength to the lodge and will seek to make his lodge the banner lodge of greater New York. Mr. Williams served for two years as President of the Adonis Social Club, one year as Guild Master of St. Phillips Young Men's Guild; four years as President of Iantha Wheelman, and is a member of the African Mutual Relief, the strongest benevolent society in the United States, having in their treasury quite \$100,000, and is a member of Hamilton Lodge No. 710, G. U. O. of O. F., and P. G. M. C. No. 2. Mr. Williams joined Manhattan Lodge December 28, 1905. He takes active interest in each organization with which he is connected and is faithful in the performance of duty. Said Mr. Williams at the recent convention of Elks:

We are not here to dictate to this Convention nor to discourage delegates, but to promote the best interest of the Order, and we ask for a free and open convention of delegates as has not been for several years. We are here to see that the Convention shall be representative



I. B. P. O. E.

and show that the great principles of Elkdom shall triumph.

Mr. Williams dealt with the general purposes, general conditions, and possibilities of Elkdom throughout the world. He began by declaring it as his belief that the Convention was in the interest of no particular candidate for

Grand Exalted Ruler; that Howard's leadership is nowhere in sight. Said he:

What passes for leadership from Covington seems to consist of demagogic denunciation of existing conditions and the advancing of vague schemes of "contemptuousness" and "paternalism," which are essentially revolutionary in character. We are now on the threshold of the greatest awakening that Elkdom has ever known; the beginning of a new era, and we must address ourselves to the solution of the difficult problems confronting us by new methods. Mr. Howard's attitude has been a hindrance rather than a blessing to the cause of right and justice.

Lieutenant James A. Roston who was unanimously elected Exalted Ruler October 1, 1906, is a worthy member of Brooklyn Lodge No. 32 and is a fraternity favorite, and highly esteemed. Lieutenant Roston's ability is such, and his reputation so well known, that he needs no commendation, but a word or



MR. JAMES S. WILLIAMS

two regarding the Lieutenant will not be out of place. He is a man of unusual strength of character. In all things affecting the Lodge he is deeply interested, and gives both his time and money to its betterment. Lieutenant Roston is engaged in the real estate business in Brooklyn, from which he receives a very remunerative income. During his second administration he built up the Lodge from 75 members to a membership of 300. Lieutenant Roston was re-elected in December without a dissenting vote. He has lived the greater part of his life in the West and in Brooklyn, where he enjoys great respect.

During the Spanish American War he served his country with honor in the Philippines. He enlisted as a pri-

vate at the outbreak of the war, and for his bravery was promoted to Lieutenant. It was through the labors of Lieutenant Roston, J. Frank Wheaton, Esq., George E. Bates, Wm. P. Moore, W. W. Winfield, D. J. D. Reegeley, L. L. King and James R. Taylor, the Grand Lodge voted to hold its Seventh Annual Convention in Brooklyn.

His talent as an organizer was recognized, and by his application of the true principles of leadership, he infused new life into the fraternity, and a spirit and enthusiasm among the home lodge, which prepared the way for his success.

After service in the United States Army as a Lieutenant in the Quartermaster's Department, the war having come to a close, and having developed qualities which required a larger sphere for their exercise, he resigned from the Army and entered into real estate as his chosen work. Having demonstrated his executive ability and his thorough grasp of fraternal organization and management, at the election of October the first, Lieutenant Roston was called to the Chair. He was, of course, re-elected Exalted Ruler without opposition. The writer was also unanimously re-elected Financial Secretary and Raymond A. Wilson, Organist.

The efficiency of Lodge No. 32 has been greatly augmented by the election of the new officers, particularly Lieutenant Roston who has gained a wide reputation at the North, in fact, throughout the country, both as a business man and organizer, adopting the best methods possible. In addition to this, he is a man of tact and kindliness of nature.



DR. GEORGE E. CANNON,

He captivates and holds his audience by the naturalness of his oratory and magnetic power. Our sincere wishes will follow him in his future work.

Dr. George E. Cannon, unanimously elected Exalted Ruler of Progressive Lodge No. 35 of Jersey City, September 7, 1906, is one of New Jersey's very prominent citizens. Dr. Cannon was an active member of the Joint Legislative Committee, and a delegate to the

Convention. I am pleased to say that I have from the first meeting, watched with interest, the work of Dr. Cannon in the fraternity. I have been much gratified to learn through friends of the success of Dr. Cannon. He will receive unanimous support and enlarge the work where Mr. Bates left off. The election of the new officers, I am sure will redound to the benefit of Progressive Lodge. Dr. Cannon has a beauti-



E. BURTON CERUTI.

ful home at 441 Pacific Avenue and is building up a most lucrative practice. He is proud of his library to which he is constantly adding. In Dr. Cannon Progressive Lodge has a worthy leader. Mr. J. T. Brown, was unanimously re-elected Financial Secretary. The newly elected officers, are men of character, who will continue the standard of efficiency in the Order. They have gained favorable commendation for the Lodge from the community.

ADDRESS OF MR. CERUTI.

Grand Exalted Ruler, Officers, Members and Friends:

On behalf of the Joint Legislative Committee I welcome you. That committee, by whose earnest solicitation you are assembled, and by whose painful but

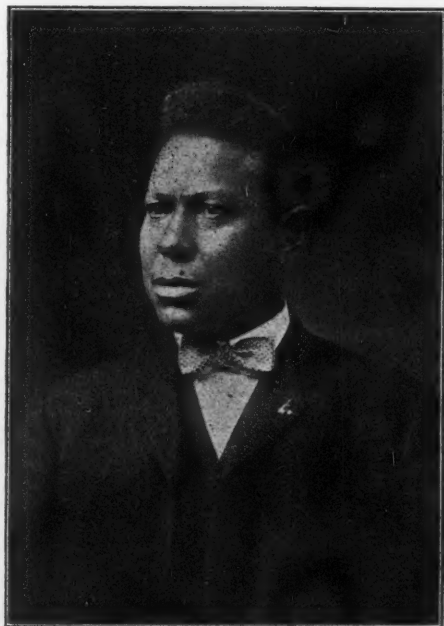
pleasant labors, the foundation is laid for a nobler and grander organization. It was this committee which first conceived this occasion as a fond dream. It is this same body which has made it an historical fact.

In calling you here, we throw wide the door of opportunity, we open to you an avenue of endless possibilities, we discover to your activity a vista of glorious achievement.

We are told by students that history repeats itself. I recall but one precedent which in point of spectacular rapidity of action resembles this event. I refer to the celebrated Coup d'Etat, when Louis Napoleon transformed himself over night from President to Emperor; when France retired one evening a turbulent and dissatisfied republic and awoke next morning amazed to find herself an absolute monarchy. We propose, however, to reverse that order of change. We have torn down the monarchy, we will build up the republic. "Down with the Czar!" "Long live our Grand Exalted Ruler," will be our cry.

My brothers, our labors are ended, yours are about to begin. These words of greeting and encouragement are uttered with our last official breath. But above the solemn tones of our funeral knell I expect to hear the clatter of your busy hammers as you construct upon the foundation we have laid an edifice grand. An edifice which will excite the pride of our Order and the admiration of the world.

Mr. John T. Brandy, re-elected Grand Treasurer of the Grand Lodge, is a man of splendid character and has held the position of Treasurer for six years. Mr. Brandy is a citizen of Washington, Pa., and has the respect and confidence of all who know him. He is a good business man and has a thorough knowledge of the Order of Elks, having



JOHN T. BRANDY.

made a study of its history and objects. The order has a bright future and it will be the aim of the newly elected officers to have harmonious action. Those who have been antagonistic will

be invited to co-operate and absolute unity will prevail. The next annual convention to assemble at Chicago, we feel assured will see the brethren of the Order of Elks in full fellowship. Let us all work together.

The Convention was the most successful since its organization. The Order has grown in numbers, and in the fraternal spirit of love and charity. The various subordinate bodies have increased in power. The blessings of the Supreme Grand Exalted Ruler have been with us and we believe that we are on the eve of a still greater advance. In our success we give due acknowledgment to the warm support of the Afro-American press, especially THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE and The New York Age. Their friendly interest has stimulated Elks throughout the country. The Order is in a healthy financial condition and the newly elected officers go into office with the confidence of the membership.

Pictorial Artist

THOS. H. BRIDGES, Pictorial Artist and General News Agent, Plainfield, N. J., was born in Chatham, County, North Carolina, May 1879. Early in his life he assisted his father Peter Bridges in agriculture.

About 16 years ago he lost his father and with six other brothers and sisters was left with a lone mother to look to for parental guidance.

Notwithstanding his youth he soon

sized up the situation and found his way to public works, going first to the "Cumnock N. C.," Coal Mine Company, where he accepted a position as "Trailer" over 380 feet in the earth after working in the mine for a few months left Cumnock and went to Greensboro, N. C., where he toiled as a common laborer and then took up hotel work.

At this juncture 1897 he began the

pictorial art work, completed a course in portraiture under Prof. W. O. Spaulding, who at that time was teaching an art class in Greensboro. He worked around Greensboro a few months after finishing his course and then went on the road as a traveling artist, enlarging pictures and teaching art classes, and was on the road four years.

In June, 1902, he came to Mt. Vernon, N. Y. During the winter 1902-3 he attended Cooper Union, in New York City. After attending Cooper Union he did art work in Westchester County, N. Y., taking in all the leading cities and towns. He has exhibited his work at church, county and state fairs in North Carolina, and church and county fairs in the state of New York.

He always won the first prize or premium at the above named fairs.

In 1905 he went to Plainfield, N. J., where he at present lives, building up a branch business. He also handles a number of the leading Afro-American publications.

Within a few months he expects to make his headquarters in Rhode Island. Mr. Bridges is painstaking and deserves to succeed.



THOMAS H. BRIDGES.

AFRO-AMERICAN COUNCIL DIRECTORSHIP

MR. WILFORD H. SMITH was unanimously elected Director of the Legal Bureau of the Afro-American Council at its recent session, but resigned the position, and Mr. J. Douglass Wetmore was then re elected.

The Aims of the Afro-American Council

**Address of Oswald Garrison Villard Before the Council on
October 10, 1906**

Oswald Garrison Villard, the editor of the New York Evening Post, a grandson of William Lloyd Garrison, delivered the following forceful address before the National Afro-American Council at its recent meeting in New York. Mr. Villard is a sincere friend of the race, and this very thoughtful address deserves to be universally read.—EDITOR.

I AM HERE merely to add, for what it is worth, my word of approval to the aims of the Afro American Council, whose cry is: "Organize, organize, organize." By all means organize. If there is anything above all else that the colored people need to day it is solidarity, and particularly the solidarity which comes from standing together for one's rights, with unbroken ranks under leaders loyally served and loyally followed. For the last twelve years the interests and problems of the colored people have been an absorbing study to me. During that period I have seen a remarkable awakening of self-consciousness among them. The race, it seems to me, is beginning to recognize its powers in a dozen different ways. For the first three decades after freedom it was absorbed in obtaining an industrial foothold, literally n eeping the wolf from the door, for it started with nothing but the clothes upon its back, and there was no time for the individual to do more than think for himself. The fourth decade of its freedom witnessed the production of an extraordinary book, Professor Du Bois's Souls of Black Folk, which is the best illustration I can give of this awakening of a race to its powers, duties and

dangers, and of its readiness to think and feel as a whole. The awakening has come none too soon. During this brief period of freedom the race has been menaced in more ways than one. The mob spirit is more than ever rampant both North and South. The misdeeds of its criminals are more than ever laid at the doors of the honest and decent members of the race. In the South the Negro has been disfranchised, his Northern friends being urged to refrain from criticism on the specious plea that, once eliminated from the voting lists, the colored man would be permitted to go about his business in peace and quiet, no longer the football of every unscrupulous and demagogic politician. Instead the Negro is more than ever the footstool by which the Southern politician climbs to office. More than that, disfranchisement has been followed by the practical loss of civil rights, the colored man is set apart in cars and stations, he cannot enter the House of God and pray to the Saviour unless the temple is one paid for out of his own pocket. And now coupled with mob violence, come deliberate and sinister threats of a restriction of the education of the race.

What is the lesson of the hour? It is

that the Negroes must fight for their rights, they must band together for defence. The hour is ripe for serving notice on the country that further efforts in any section of the land to degrade the Negro to a servile position, to create that impossible thing, a republic with millions of peons, taxed but not represented,—shall be fought from now on, world without end. Fought in every possible way save with arms. Let me make myself so clear on that point that no one can have the slightest excuse for misunderstanding me.

The colored editor or preacher who advocates a resort to arms is a false guide who cannot be dispossessed of his leadership a minute too soon. Two wrongs never made a right, in all the time since men began the fight for individual freedom. If the colored people to-day wish to make their situation in the South all but hopeless, let them but go forth and slay because of the wicked injustice done them and theirs. Do not ask me to consider those fifteen innocent dead in Atlanta; they have not been out of my mind many hours since the news of that barbaric slaughter reached the North. And yet, terrible as is the appeal of those wantonly murdered Negroes, I say to you with all the earnestness I have, that it is for you in this crisis to remain true Christians, to leave the murdering in cold blood to the race which proudly calls itself the superior, the more advanced, the better civilized. To me the refusal of the individual Negro to resort to knife or dagger or revolver with the celerity of the Sicilian or of the Greek, or of the Russian, when made to suffer

intolerable wrongs, has been the greatest triumph of the race. What if it had given an eye for an eye, a life for a life these last few years? How would the race have profited if the South were to-day all but a shambles, divided into two armed and hostile camps? No, a thousand times no. Leave to the Tillmans and Vardamans the disgrace and shame of advocating a course which leads straight back to barbarism by way of anarchy, and which will, if persisted in, be the South's undoing.

Fortunately there are other ways left than that path of violence which can end only in destruction. Organize to agitate, organize to demand your rights under the Constitution, organize to fight back for yourselves by every legitimate means—by the strike, by the boycott if necessary, but best of all by argument and by reason. Let me but recall to you the cardinal facts about the Abolition movement which resulted in your freedom. There are hundreds of thousands of colored men richer and materially better equipped for life's struggle than the Massachusetts editor who set out when a mere boy to overthrow the slave power with his primitive press. It was as if he assailed the stars in their courses; yet within a year or two his words had roused and stirred the South as had those of no one else. He never resorted to arms—he never preached violence, not even when fugitive slaves, their backs not yet healed from the overseer's lash, arrived in Boston to set his blood tingling in every vein and in every artery of his body. Garrison's doctrine was non-resistance even in the face of physical violence and

the bulk of the Abolitionists stood with him. Indeed the two anti slavery men who took up the sword perished by the sword, and they were the only ones to lose their lives by violence. Yet the victory of those who fought for the freedom of the slaves by word of mouth and by the pen that is mightier than the sword was beyond their fondest dreams. They lived to see the monstrous institution of slavery, one so firmly entrenched, overthrown and in the dust.

Even if the ballot has been taken from you, my friends, there remain to you other peaceful ways of fighting your battles. The power of the press is at your command and freedom of speech, the right of meeting in mass; these may be suppressed for a time, by a mob here or a base official there, but never for any length of time, and no American court will ever fail to support the right of the colored man to print what he likes and say what he likes, so long as his doctrines are not anarchical. The United States mails will always be open to you, to send to any portion of the Union the words that may have been printed in still another section. More than that, intelligent Southerners realize to-day that the Negro is more than ever the foundation of the material wealth and prosperity of the South. Where would be the cotton crop without him, where the mines? How long should it be before thousands and hundreds of thousands of colored people are organized into unions to act together in harmony whenever the necessity requires? The Afro American Council asks for a fund to carry to the Supreme Court the question of the ballot in the

South. It ought to have a national defence fund reaching into the hundreds of thousands of dollars for a hundred different purposes. With such a fund it would be able to institute a judicial investigation of such happenings as those at Atlanta, in order to get the facts authoritatively, place the blame where it belongs, hire the best lawyers to prosecute the mob and bring suits against the soldiery that dared to arrest men, women and children without warrant of military or civil law. It should be able to fight in the courts every unjust discrimination, to protect and aid threatened or injured colored schools, and to generally supervise the welfare of the race. Representing hundreds of thousands of colored people, if not millions, it should speak with force and authority, and with that power which comes with means and thorough organization and leadership.

It may be fanciful to dream of a time when every colored man and woman of a town in which innocent colored people were killed would leave his or her work, silently and peacefully, in a gigantic protest against the injustice or wrong. Yet I cannot but dream of it; I could not but wish that after those terrible Atlanta days every colored man and woman could have stopped work for at least two days, as did so many men in the brick yards and factories, leaving in a quiet and orderly manner, with no resort to arms or even to bad language, but merely saying in this way to the South, as the Russians have said to their Czar, that the limit of endurance had been reached, that the time had come when no wrongs of this kind would be en-

dured without action. Such a striking evidence of solidarity would have produced its effect. But whether this is the impossible or not I hope that the Afro-American Council will speedily be so strong that it can authoritatively pronounce against the worst enemies of the race, the Negro criminals, and aid in their prosecution in such a way that the old falsehood as to the indifference of the colored men to their own criminals will never again be resurrected. Again, such a powerful organization as I have portrayed would be able properly to express the thanks of the colored people to those Southern white men who, in growing numbers are speaking out for justice and fair play. I mean men like ex-Congressman Fleming of Georgia, who recently made a notable and noble address on the color question for which anyone interested in the future of the race may well give thanks.

The right spirit was recently shown by the twenty colored men who have been in conference with ten of the prominent citizens of Atlanta, with a view to adjusting the differences there. They plainly and frankly voiced their demands and told the whites clearly that they would be satisfied with nothing in the way of injustice; that if the white people were to have saloons, the colored people must have theirs; if the blacks are to be disarmed the whites must also be. This frankness and courage of speech are most gratifying. It shows that the Negro is at last becoming conscious of his rights and his power, and such demands properly and respectfully voiced, free from flamboyant or extravagant language, yet manly

straightforward and brave, must inevitably have their effect. Justice and right must triumph now as they triumphed in Abolition days. It is only necessary to make the appeal to reason and to see that it is properly spread abroad. But splendid as the work of these colored men was and is in Atlanta I think you will agree with me that it would have been a thousand times more effective had a great and rich national organization like this Afro-American Council stood behind them, to endorse their views and give them publication. Would it not be a magnificent thing if the truth of the Atlanta riots, as established by a commission of independent white men could be printed and placed in the hands of every man and woman of intelligence in Atlanta? Would it not have some effect if there were a corps of able lawyers retained to prosecute in the courts or elsewhere the municipal officers who were so criminally negligent in allowing the vicious dives, black and white, to flourish in Atlanta? Would it not have some effect if a great national organization, besides offering its services in the prosecution of the two or three Negroes who really attempted to assault white women, were to insist upon the prosecution of the white brutes who recently assailed two colored children? Would it not have some value if the Afro-American Council should appeal every case in the Atlanta courts in which the Negro was unjustly treated? And finally, would it not be a very uncomfortable thing for the business men and the mayor of Atlanta if such an organization were to demand justice for the

Negro under penalty of withdrawing from Atlanta all Negro trade possible, and of spreading through the whole world the story of Atlanta's shame?

That some such mighty alliance must be evolved to take charge of the destinies of the colored race in this country is beyond all doubt, if the race is to progress and preserve the rights it still has. But meanwhile there is much that the individual Negro can do. For instance, no colored man should ever dream of contributing one cent to the support of the Atlanta News or the Atlanta Georgian and other similar papers. Such papers should never be able to employ a colored man, no matter in what capacity or what the wages they might see fit to offer. Such men as Hoke Smith, John Temple Graves, Vardaman and Tillman ought never to be able to obtain any service from a colored man. Trifling as it may seem to some I say in all earnestness that if such as they could never have a colored servant or a colored employee or client of any kind the standing of the whole race would be improved.

There are entirely too many colored people who try to stand in the good graces of men like Tillman and Hoke Smith. I have had colored men tell me in my office that Tillman was not so bad, and that I ought to know him. They seem to have no realization of the false position in which they are placing themselves, by toadying to those whom

they should avoid as they would reptiles.

In conclusion let me point out to you that other races, oppressed by foreign conquerors, have come to recognize the futility of armed resistance, but are still fighting on for their rights, either by means of the general strike, by boycotting or by passive resistance? You may have heard recently how the entire high priesthood of Persia led a general strike for self-government of sixteen thousand people, including nearly all the merchants of Teheran and most of the students, who, leaving the town, established a vast model camp. Here they displayed the most admirable order and capacity for self government, until the Shah, amazed, yielded and the whole multitude returned to Teheran. Again in Bengal people have suddenly realized that in millions there is a peculiar strength, that arising from the economic demand created by millions of stomachs to be filled and bodies to be clothed. The seething discontent in Bengal manifests itself in extraordinary movement against the purchase of British goods. A vast boycott is on. As has been recently said, of this phenomenon "God seems to have again chosen the weak to confound the mighty." And so it may yet be in this country. If only the weak will act as one, and will but use the great powers that will then be theirs, with wisdom and foresight.



One of Our Most Useful Citizens

MR. J. S. BATES was born in Spartanburg, S. C., about forty-two years ago and attended the Peabody Graded School, of which Prof. W. I. Lewis was principle. He was an apt student and after graduating he obtained employment as correspondent with Mr. J. H. Hunt, a cotton planter with offices at New York, in 1882. Mr. Hunt brought him to New York and he remained in his employ until Septem-

ber 1884 leaving to accept a position with a specialist on Madison Avenue, remaining there until October 1895. He resigned to accept the position of steward of the "Students Club," an institution of learning connected with the Y. M. C. A. During his employment in these various positions he took up the study of music and in 1896 he resigned to accept a position with the Fisk Jubilee Singers, joining them at Ham-



J. S. BATES.



"THE EL DORADO" OF J. S. BATES.

burg, Germany ; he remained with the Company until 1897, travelling throughout the continent. He was choir master of St. Marks' M. E. Church for five years. In 1897 he opened up "The Palmetto Inn," at 157 W. 53d street, as a first class boarding house. January 1st, 1900, he

married Miss Eva T. Astwood and is now living in New Rochelle, where he keeps "The El Dorado." He is now choir master of St. Catharine A. M. E. Zion Church and superintendent of the Sunday School. In all matters affecting the race Mr. Bates takes active interest.

Sergeant Hill Best Shot in the Army

THE complete records of rifle, pistol and carbine firing of the United States Army for 1905, which have just been published, show Abraham Hill, a sergeant in the Twenty-fourth Infantry, stationed in the Department of Dakota, to be the best shot in the Army. The percentage of possible shots made by

Hill on slow fire, timed fire and skirmish fire was 86.33. The three others at the head of the list with him were: Captain Rufus E. Langan, Eleventh Infantry, Department of Missouri, 85.1; Sergeant William A. Cantrell, Fifth Infantry, 84.67; Otto Shahn, sergeant in Second Cavalry, Department of Luzon, 81.67.



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IDA MAY MOORE, Secretary and Treasurer

IF AGENTS only knew the amount of money we are required to put into this Magazine each month, they would be more prompt in their payments. Some of them think that we get our labor and material free, and that it costs nothing to live. We would remind others that it is unfair of them to rob us—sell the Magazine and then keep the money. We have a number of such agents, and some times we think we shall publish their names, as a warning to others of the press to beware of them. Pay up is the only way to save yourselves with us.

The Negro race has little idea of the hardships endured by the average publisher of Negro papers. Few, if any, are making money. Some are eking out a mere existence—all for want of proper support. We have listened with amusement to the cry of some for manhood rights. No people who do not give support to those who are battling for them in sunshine and rain deserve anything more than they are getting. The race does not pay for anything. They are not together. They tear down instead of building up. The larger per cent. of the money they earn is spent with white people, even

in the South. We accept insults and continue to patronize those who insult us. We want our young men and young women given employment, but do not support those who would be glad to give them positions. If we want to command the respect of the liberal minded white people we must begin to think of our own first; charity begins at home. A Jew helps a Jew first. Negroes should begins to patronize and support Negro enterprises.

The Business League advises and teaches this doctrine; will you follow it? The National Afro-American Council advises and teaches you that if you want discriminating laws tested and abolished, you must pay for it. Will you do it? And when will you begin? The recent convention raised \$1,045. The Jews would have raised \$1,000,000. There are 10,000,000 Negroes in the United States. Are your rights worth anything? And are your publications, and professional and business men worth supporting, if not, why not? We put it up to you.

We want 10,000 subscribers. Who'll be the first. It's up to you.

FRED. R. MOORE, EDITOR.